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THE
SQUAW CHIEF;

OR,

THE EARL'S HALF-BREED DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE OLD COLONY DAYS.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,

AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING DIME NOVELS:

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THE SQUAW CHIEF

CHAPTER I.

THE SQUAW SACHEM.

IN the summer of the year 1675, a great agitation was observable in the Indian village of Pocasset, near the site of which now stands the smiling village of Tiverton, Rhode Island. The eastern arm of Narragansett Bay, formed by the mouth of the little river Taunton or Titicut, bounded the dominions of the Pocasset Indians on the west, and the village stood at the foot of a range of bluffs, now called Tiverton Hights, and at the edge of Cedar Swamp of the same name.

In the village of Pocasset, as we said, a great stir was observable. Indians in full war-paint, with their hair gathered up into knots on the top of the head, and adorned with feathers; all fully armed, some with bows and arrows, but the most part with muskets, were strolling about, in and around the village, as if in expectation of something about to happen.

In the center of the village, before the large lodge which indicated the residence of the sachem, was erected a pole striped with red, from which depended a great bundle of scalps, in front of which burned a great fire.

At present the neighborhood of this fire was deserted, but, just as the sun, in his declining course, threw the shadow of a tall cedar to the foot of the pole, the door of the sachem's lodge was thrown open, and a single figure stepped forth.

Such a figure was that, as is seldom seen. A tall, lithe, graceful woman, with the vigor of a man in every motion, and an air of command that bespoke her the chief of all there. Her face was of that high, aquiline type of beauty

that once existed in some branches of the Indian races, now extinct, and her attire was that of a warrior chief.

Around her head was a chaplet of wampum beads, with a lofty coronet of eagles' plumes; and a broad sash of the same crossed from the right shoulder to the left hip of the chief tainness, the mark of her being a sachem.

The instant this Indian princess made her appearance, the door of several lodges near by were thrown open simultaneously, as if the occupants had been waiting for the signal. A dozen or so of the superior warriors and chiefs of the tribe approached the war-pole silently, and grouped themselves around the fire.

The female chief stepped out in front of the pole, set to her lips a whistle, and gave forth a shrill signal.

Immediately the booming sound of several huge drums was heard, echoing among the conical lodges; and the whole concourse of Indians began to move slowly toward the fire, in the center of the village.

There was no symptom of excitement yet on their countenances. Every man preserved the usual stolid indifferent aspect peculiar to the Indian, from which nothing rouses him but the scent of blood.

As fast as they arrived in the open space around which the village was grouped, the inferior warriors seated themselves on the ground in a great circle, leaving the chiefs and their queen in the center by the fire. Then there was a deep silence, till the woman warrior addressed the crowd.

Throwing back the long mantle of scarlet cloth which hung from her shoulders, she stepped forward and cried out in a deep, melodious voice, peculiarly sweet and powerful:

"Warriors and sachems of Pocasset, I, Weetamora, Squaw Sachem of Pocasset, have called you together to-day to listen to the words of Pometacom, sachem of the Wampanoaga, son of the great Massassoit. Let the men of Montaup advance, and speak to the warriors of Pocasset."

She took her seat on the ground at once; the chiefs followed her example, and then every one waited in silence for the approach of the strangers.

The latter immediately appeared, coming out of a lodge close by, in which they had been concealed to await the

meeting of the council. They were six in number, in the full war-paint of their tribe, and fully armed and equipped for the war-path. One of them, a chief, acted as spokesman.

He grounded the butt of his firelock, struck an attitude (for Indians are nothing, if not theatrical), and said:

"Great Weetamora, widow of the great Wamsutta, and worthy to be Squaw Sachem of Pocasset! Pometacom, Grand Sachem of the Wampanoags, sends greeting to the men of Pocasset; and invites them to come with him on the war-path against the dogs of pale-faces, who devour our land and give us nothing in return. These men are now gathering together a great army at Umpamé (Plymouth) and are about to invade our sachem's territories at Montaup.*

"Great queen of Pocasset, Pometacom bids you to beware of the wiles of the pale-faces, and to remember the fate of the Pequots. *They* waited till it was too late; and where are the Pequots now? If you sit still here, and let the Umpamé men come to Montaup, your own turn will come next, and you will perish like the Pequots. The pale-face takes us one by one, and kills us; but if the tribes of all the red-men unite together, where will the pale-face be?

"Pometacom is ready to go on the war-path, with the Wampanoags, Saconets, Narragansetts, and all the tribes as far to the west as the Mohawks. If you will join us, we will soon sweep from our coasts the last pale-face, and the red-man shall be lord of the forest once more.

The chief paused, and throwing his long blanket over his left shoulder, awaited a reply from the Squaw Sachem.

Weetamora sat still for some minutes, according to the Indian etiquette, before she answered:

"The Panther's words are loud, and his heart is bold; but who can number the men of Umpamé? They come from over the great water in ships; and if we kill what are here, more will come over, with guns bigger than any we have, and houses full of powder. Wherein should we be better off than the Pequots then? Besides, have we not sworn faith to these Yengeese? How shall we break it?"

* The Indian name, from which, by easy corruption, the colonists called Phillip's residence, "Mount Hope."

Her tone was calm and dispassionate, as she enumerated the difficulties in the way of a league of the tribes; but it was plain, from the look of her face, that her heart was not in her words. The Panther allowed the usual pause to elapse before he spoke again, which he did with much more vehemence, and apparently changing the subject.

"Men of Pocasset, which of us nere has forgotten Wamsutta, the great warrior, the brother of Pometacom? Who was so swift in the chase as Wamsutta; who so keen on the war-path? He was a friend to the pale-face, like his father, Massassoit, the Grand Sachem. He gave them lands; and they invited him down to Umpamé to see them. He went. How did he come back? A sick man, nigh unto death. What killed him? Who killed him? The poison of the accursed pale-face. Wamsutta is dead by their hand; and his widow hesitates to dig up the hatchet against his murderers!"

There was an universal murmur around the circle, and Weetamora did not attempt to suppress it. The vague suspicion that her husband, (better known as Alexander the brother of Pometacom or King Philip,) had been poisoned by the whites, had been in their minds for a long time; and the envoy's allusion to it refreshed the memory of an old grudge.

The Panther pursued:

"But it is too late to draw back now. Pometacom's vow is made, and his men go on the war-path as soon as the young moon rises. If the men of Pocasset do not join him, they can stay at home; but the Wampanoags will kill all the cattle and horses of the pale-faces near Pocasset, and then retire, so that the pale-faces shall think that it is the men of Pocasset who have done this; and thus they shall be obliged to join with us whether they will or no."

Weetamora frowned on the bold speaker, and rose to her feet. The Squaw Sachem was not to be intimidated by the messages of King Philip.

"The words of the Wampanoags are too loud," she said. "The Squaw Sachem of Pocasset is not deaf. If Pometacom wishes the help of his brother's widow, let him ask it, as of a brother. If we help the pale-faces, where then would Pometacom be? Let the Panther wait. I expect a messenger, even now, and lo! he comes."

As she spoke, a young Indian runner, panting for breath, bounded over the heads of the circle outside, and came up to the queen, saying:

"The white chief has landed, and Sassamon and Quickett are conducting him here. He will be here in the smoking of a pipe."

"Good!" said Weetamora, calmly. "Let us smoke it."

And the sacred calumet was at once produced, and passed round the whole circle of the superior chiefs, till the tramp of horses' feet was heard among the trees, and two white men, preceded by a couple of Indians, rode boldly into the midst of the great ring of the warriors of the Squaw Sachem of Pocasset.

CHAPTER II.

PURITAN AND CAVALIER.

THE two white men were somewhat different in appearance from each other, and might have served as very good types of the two great parties that still divided the English nation at that period, although the distinction was fast disappearing with the lapse of time. The one was a Puritan; the other, from his long curls, and greater richness of dress, evidently belonged to the Cavalier party.

The Puritan was a man in the prime of life, a little above the middle height, and heavily built, with a neck like a bull's, broad shoulders and sturdy frame, and a square, serious face, with a leonine look in the clear gray eyes, his mouth grimly closed above his sandy, pointed beard. He wore his hair cropped close to his head, and was dressed in the severely simple style affected by the Puritans. He was only armed with a heavy broadsword.

His companion was much taller and slighter, his face very handsome, and somewhat melancholy, hair and eyes dark. He wore a plain but handsome suit of dark-brown velvet, and carried a rapier and pistols.

The Puritan appeared to be the leader of the two, for he it

was who addressed Weetamora in the Indian language, saying:

"You sent for me, Queen Weetamora. I have brought a young friend of mine, fresh from the other side of the great sea, to show him how good friends we are with our red brothers. Are we welcome?"

"The white brother is welcome," said Weetamora, gravely, but without rising. "Let him and his friend dismount."

"Friend Hazelton," said the Puritan, in English, with the nasal twang which has descended to the present day in some parts of New England, "let us dismount, as the queen of the heathen has bid us. There is some wile of the Evil One afoot, or else she would rise to receive us. Howbeit, let us dismount, for peradventure we may find out somewhat that may be of advantage to the Lord's people; and as it is, we are surrounded by them, so that we can not help ourselves."

"Had I not better take my pistols from the holsters, Master Church?" asked the one called Hazelton, hesitatingly.

"These Indians look loweringly at us, methinks."

"Not so," said Church, deliberately swinging himself to the ground as he spoke. "Show no fear, whatever thou doest, Charles Hazelton; for verily I say unto thee, that a stout heart is better than a steel cuirass among these heathens. Do as I do, and fear naught."

The cool Puritan made two steps into the circle, his long spurs clashing as he went, and seated himself opposite to Weetamora, between one of her chiefs and the head Wampanoag. His quick gray eye took in every thing as he advanced, but he behaved with a stolidity that the Indians themselves might have admired, and appeared to notice nothing.

Charles Hazelton made an active spring to the ground, without touching the stirrup, and then stood outside of the circle, as if hesitating where to go, for there was no room for aim.

The Indian queen raised her great black eyes to his, and contemplated him for a few moments with a steadiness of gaze that made the youth color. Then she suddenly rose to her feet, and beckoned to him to come to her. Hazelton

obeyed, and the strange chieftainess took him by both shoulders, and looked long and earnestly at him. The young man felt confused, he hardly knew why, and returned the gaze, as if spellbound. He saw the haughty, handsome face of a woman past middle age, whose black hair was slightly streaked with gray, and whose features were marked with deep lines of care. Weetamora looked at him for several moments, no one else in the circle stirring, or moving an eyelid.

At last she asked him, in her own pure contralto voice, and to his surprise, in perfect English :

"Who are you, risen from the dead, to mock Weetamora? You are not Arthur. Who are you?"

"My name is Charles Hazelton," said the young man, in a voice of wonder. "You can not know me, surely, madam."

Weetamora smiled, a strange, weird smile. She passed one hand over her brow as if to sweep away the veil from some recollection that lay there. Then she uttered a deep sigh, and released him.

"No. It is not the same," she said, slowly. "He was a great man and they called him a lord. It is not the same. Come and sit by me, Charles Hazelton. You remind me of one dead, long ago. Sit here."

As she spoke, she drew the youth down to a seat by her side, and opened the business of the council. It was evident, however, that her thoughts were elsewhere all the time, for she displayed signs of absence of mind during part of the ensuing talk, which was principally conducted by Church and herself.

The sacred calumet was refilled three times, and passed from lip to lip in the circle. Each sachem and chief took three long whiffs, inhaling the smoke deep into the lungs, and parting with what little remained in curling rings from the nostrils. When the pipe had come as far as Master Church, the grave Puritan followed the example of his Indian friends with perfect composure, and handed the badge of peace to the Wampanoag chief who sat beside him, with a steady stare into the other's face, as if to refresh his memory as to the Indian's looks.

The Wampanoag returned the gaze with interest, and took

the pipe; but, instead of setting it to his lips, he handed it across the circle back to the Squaw Sachem, who took it mechanically and smoked three whiffs.

Master Church knit his shaggy brows ever so slightly, and then turned away his head to observe Weetamora.

The Squaw Sachem, after smoking, passed the pipe to young Hazelton, who, entirely unconscious of any thing being wrong, imitated the example of the rest, and passed it on to the next man. Master Church, sitting silently drumming with his fingers on the pommel of his heavy broadsword, watched the round of the instrument with his keen, furtive glance. The Wampanoags all smoked in turn, till the pipe came to their chief, who, after smoking, again reached over to Weetamora, and placed it in her hands.

Master Church set his teeth, till his short, wiry beard bristled out on every side from the strong muscles of his powerful jaws; but again he made no observation, until the Squaw Sachem, with a slight start, roused herself from her abstraction and spoke to him for the first time.

"I sent for the white brother," she said. "Among all the white men he is the only one of whom the red man can say, 'He speaks with a straight tongue.' The men of Umpamé are liars. We can not believe them. But the white brother's words go like the well-shot bullet, straight to the mark. We have received this day a message from Pometacorn, Grand Sachem of the Wampanoags, who tells us that the men of Umpamé are making ready for the warpath, with a great army, to kill Pometacorn and destroy his people. White brother, is this so?"

Master Church waited for a few moments, and then answered with great deliberation, in the Indian tongue:

"I will tell the queen the truth, and give her the best advice on the subject. It is but a few days since that I left Plymouth, which you call Umpamé. There were no preparations then making for war, there or anywhere. I saw many of the principal men of the Government, and heard not a single word about any war; and I believe that no one had any thoughts about it. Besides, you know well that I have but just come up to settle within three or four miles of you, and have brought up my horses and cattle, and all my goods, my

wife and two little babes. Think you, oh! queen, that I should have come here, alone and unguarded, had I heard of any war to be made against King Philip, who lies not ten miles distant from my house, not two from here? Be assured, Queen Weetamora, that there is no war to be waged by the men of Umpamé, or I should know of it."

Again there was a short silence; and then Weetamora spoke.

"Let the Wampanoags rise."

In a moment the six warriors were on their feet, all ready for war, dropping their long robes to the ground, and standing up, stripped to the waist, gun in hand.

At the same moment the queen rose, and with her the whole circle, including Master Church and young Hazleton. The aspect of the Indians all round was lowering and sullen but the Wampanoags bore themselves with an open insolence that boded no good to the two friendless whites.

"Behold," said the Squaw Sachem, in her deep voice; "the men of Montaup are here to speak for themselves. They brought the news from Pometacon this very day. They have heard the words of the white brother. What do they say to them?"

"Lies!" said Panther, the Wampanoag chief, in a furious voice. "Has not the chief of Umpamé dared to summon the great Pometacon, Grand Sachem of the Wampanoags, to come to Umpamé to answer for the death of the dog Sassamon,* red fox with a white heart? Pometacon will not go, and they will make war on us. War let it be. I have said."

And the whole six of the Montaup warriors uttered simultaneously the far famed whoop of battle. The sound appeared to electrify every Indian present. All their stolid apathy disappeared as if by magic, and the war-whoop was sent round from lip to lip, while the warriors leaped in the air, uttering

* Sassamon, a Christian Indian, had learned to read and write, from John Eliot, the missionary, who translated the Bible into the Indian language. He was secretary to King Philip and learned the latter's plots against the English, which he revealed to the English Governor of Plymouth Colony. Soon after Sassamon was found under the ice of Assawompset Pond, in Massachusetts, and his death was ascribed to Philip's vengeance. It was the fear of punishment for the murder as much as any thing else, which precipitated the war now known as "King Philip's War."

loud yells and brandishing spear and tomahawk. Instinctively Charles Hazelton laid his hand on his rapier, and stepped over to where Master Church stood, calmly confronting the savage crowd, apparently fearless. The stout Puritan checked the other's wrist with the strength of a vice, and said, in a low, stern voice:

"Let go thy weapon, lad. The heathen are too many for thee. We are safe till the battle begins."

But the Wampanoag chief appeared disposed to push matters to extremity. He began an impassioned address to the Indians, urging them to remember the glories of their fathers and to begin by slaying these pale faces at once. Other chiefs interfered, some on one side, some on the other, and the confusion of harsh gutturals became deafening, while the brandished weapons of both parties gathered in a ring about the two white men. All the while Weetamora appeared to be abstracted from the scene, and unmindful of the danger, till the voice of Hazelton, in English, roused her.

"Queen Weetamora," cried the young man, earnestly, "will you see us murdered, when we are your guests?"

Weetamora started, and for the first time the scene seemed to break upon her senses.

She rushed forward into the midst of the group, as tall as any man there, and seizing one of her own warriors by the throat, hurled him back into the crowd.

"How now!" she cried, her clear, powerful tones piercing through the tumult in a moment, and enforcing silence from her own people; "who is the sachem of Pocasset? Is Weetamora dead, that the wolves lay around her grave? Back to your circle, warriors, and let Weetamora speak!"

Every man of the tribe shrunk back before her lightning glance; but the Panther answered:

"Let Weetamora speak on, as long as she preaches war, for war will come, whether or no."

"My ears are deaf," said Weetamora, coldly. "The song of the cricket is *chee! chee! chee!* The Wampanoag cries nothing but war, war, war. We are not fools in Pocasset. Let the Panther hearken, in silence, when the Squaw Sachem, who was once the bride of Wamsutta, speaks to the white brother. Back!"

She motioned so commandingly to the Wampanoag, that the chief involuntarily fell back, when she turned round to Master Church.

The Puritan was standing with folded arms, undauntedly confronting his enemies, with a stern smile on his face.

"The Lord has delivered us, friend Charles," he said quietly, as the Indians fell back. "In worse straits than this have many of the faithful been; but the Lord hath succored them. Keep a stout heart, for now I perceive that the Lord is on our side."

Here Weetamora addressed him.

"White Brother," she said, "you see how that war has been determined on. Pometacon has sent word that if we do not join him at once in the league against the Yengeese, he will send over his young men to kill horses and cattle and burn houses on this side of the river, so that the Umpamé men may think that we of Pocasset have done it, and so fall upon us. Now, white brother, what must we do?"

Master Church nodded his head slowly.

"So!" he said, lapsing into English, which he knew that the chiefs understood somewhat of; "so the heathen are gathered together to destroy the Lord's people, and Philip, the man of blood, is to be their leader! Queen Weetamora, I am sorry to see so threatening an aspect of affairs."

He turned round to the Wampanoags, who stood, with the butts of their guns on the ground, regarding him with the studied insolence of an Indian who feels himself the strongest. Church stepped undauntedly up to the chief, and took hold of the bullet-pouch which hung at his right side. He felt it to be full of bullets.

"What are those bullets for?" demanded the Puritan of the savage, as sternly as if he addressed a slave.

The chief laughed.

"To shoot pigeons with," was his scornful reply; and all his warriors laughed in chorus.

Church eyed them all, as a huntsman might eye a few rebellious hounds in his pack, before laying the lash about their ears. Such was the stern power of his gray eye, that the Wampanoags gradually ceased to laugh, and contented themselves with looking insolent.

Master Church turned to Weetamora.

"Queen Weetamora," he said, in his deep nasal voice, "if that bloody-minded heathen, King Philip, is resolved on war, and to draw in the men of Pocasset, verily it seemeth to me that you had best knock these six Mount Hope men on the head, and report yourself at Umpamé under the shelter of the government. Such bloody villains should die at once."

The six Wampanoags look decidedly uncomfortable at the intimation, the more so as Weetamora looked doubtfully at them, as if she was inclined to take the advice.

But, immediately, a clamor arose among the Pocasset Indians, partly of reprobation of Church, partly of threats toward him.

Little Eyes, one of the chiefs of the Pocassets, came striding up to the Puritan, and said fiercely in broken English:

"Hi! white brudder. S'pose you come wid me leetle piece. Come into bushes. Me heap want much talkee to you. Come."

The stout Puritan smiled contemptuously, and turned away in the midst of a confused clamor.

"Man of Belial," he said, "I will go with thee when I am certain thou meanest well. Meantime, I speak here before all."

The dispute raged hotly, partly in Indian, partly in broken English. Taunts and threats passed freely from the Wampanoags to Master Church, whose temper, finding that he was supported by Weetamora, began to rebel against their insults.

The stout farmer at last stepped out, dropping the nasal twang from his voice altogether, and thundered out, in the deep bass tones of a baited lion, his fearless denunciation of the Mount Hope or Montaup Sachem.

"Bloody and infamous wretches!" bellowed Church, shaking his fist. "Heathen despisers of the Lord's commandments! We only thirst for the blood of your English neighbors, who have never harmed you, but have always abounded in kindness toward you and your fathers. And now, beware, men of Belial! The spirit of the Lord is on me; and though for my part there is nothing I desire more than peace, yet if nothing but war will satisfy you, then I believe I shall yet prove hard burden to your backs, and a sharp thorn to your sides."

And now, men of Pocasset, observe these men that are of such a bloody disposition, and see whether Providence will suffer them to see the event of a war, which others, more peaceably disposed may yet do. Queen Weetamora, I would advise you to send to the Governor of Plymouth, and to shelter yourself and your people under his protection. Leave these bloody wretches to return to him that sent them, and be assured that the Lord will protect his own and punish the man of Belial, Philip. Should you do so, I myself will carry the message to Plymouth and will assure you of the safe protection of the Governor. And whatever you do, do not join in a rebellion which will certainly prove fatal to you and all your tribe."

"The white brother's words are good," said Weetamora. "We will think upon them and let him know. Meantime our young men shall attend him home, when he has eaten with the Squaw Sachem of Pocasset. Let the Wampanoags return to the Grand Sachem Pometsacom and tell him, Weetamora has decided. *She will wait.*"

In five minutes more the Indians had dispersed in gloomy silence, sullenly obeying the wishes of their queen; and the two Englishmen were in Weetamora's lodge.

CHAPTER III.

WHITE DOE.

ABOUT an hour before sunset a young Indian maiden equipped for the chase, paused at the edge of a rocky ledge that skirted the forest, several miles to the south of Pocasset Cedar Swamp, to look at the cleared and cultivated country that lay between her and Master Church's new house, some seven miles off.

The stout Paritan was one of the few settlers on the eastern shore, where he had but recently ran up his log shanty a little to the north of the dominions of Awashonx, Squaw Sachem of Saconet.

The New England Indians appear to have been frequently

governed by queens in those times, and as a consequence, some of their women occupied a much higher position than squaws in general, being allowed to use weapons and hunt.

The young maiden in question was evidently of high rank. Her dress was of the richest materials that were procurable by Indians, and of the most graceful character: while the beauty of the wearer was fully worthy of her equipment. For the Indian girl was beautiful as the day. Her dark rich face, with aquiline features and full sensuous lips, was yet many shades lighter than the ordinary copper hue of the aborigines; and there was an expression of intellect and power on her face seldom seen in a squaw.

She carried in her hand a light Spanish fowling piece, with long barrel inlaid with gold in the quaint fashion of the times, and her head bore the circular coronal of wampum only worn by sachems and their heirs.

As the girl looked out over the few fields in the open country near the waters of the bay she heaved a sigh, and murmured some words in the Indian tongue. She stopped even in uttering them and turned her head. The tramp of a horse struck on her ear.

It came closer and closer along the narrow, winding path that led out of the forest at this place, and the girl looked back, standing on the summit of the low ledge of rock, clearly outlined against the evening sky.

In a few minutes a horseman trotted out of the path, and came in full sight of her, not twenty feet off, when he pulled up, and sat silently gazing at her, as if in great surprise. The girl returned his gaze with an unconscious intensity born of the free forest, and from some cause unknown to herself, her face flushed, and her bosom rose and fell in short fluttering palpitations, as she looked.

She saw a remarkably handsome young man, a pale-face, but not of the sour, sober faced kind she had been accustomed to see. This one had long, flowing curls, and a gold-laced hat such as she had never seen before, and his face wore such a kind, sweet smile, that she was irresistibly charmed at once.

Charles Hazelton, for it was he, unconsciously started, till he remembered how rude he was. Then he blushed deeply,

and doffed his plumed hat, till the feather swept his stirrup, as he said wonderingly :

"Fairest madam, if indeed you be of earth, and no spirit, pardon, I pray you, my rudeness, and tell me who you are ; for never yet met I so fair a vision in these wild forests."

The girl caught up her light fusil, and gave a single elastic bound from the summit of the rocks, lighting in the path before the horse's head, like thistle-down. She threw back the hair from her face, with an impatient toss, and looked up at him with a curious, inquiring look that reminded him of some other person, he could hardly tell what.

"Who are you?" she asked, in a low contralto voice, and in very pure English. "Are you Lord Arthur Arundel?"

Hazelton was so much astounded, that he started back in his saddle, with a suddenness that made his horse rear.

"Powers of heaven!" he cried. "Who are you that ask? This is the second person that has asked me that question to-day. Who are you?"

"I am White Doe, daughter of Weetamora," said the girl, proudly. "My mother is queen of Pocasset. Who are you?"

"I call myself Charles Hazelton," said the young man, with rising color. "But I do not understand how you, an Indian girl, should speak English so well, and ask for one whom I thought unknown here."

The girl had listened to his words with the same absent and preoccupied air Hazelton had noticed in her mother. When he had finished she shook her head sadly.

"No, no," she said. "You are not he. He must be old now. 'Tis now twenty long weary years since he was here. But he was just like you. Yes, the very same."

As the girl spoke she pulled from her bosom a gold locket hanging from a chain of the same metal, and looked at it intently as if comparing it with the young cavalier.

Hazelton looked at her with increasing astonishment and was about to ask her a question, when the sound of horses' feet interrupted their conference ; and in rode Master Church on his gray cob, followed by the two Indian guides.

The stout Puritan regarded the pair with a shrewd, grave face, a little larking devil of fun twinkling in his gray eye. Hazelton blushed, and White Doe tossed her head with a proud

CHAPTER IV.

THE DESERTED HOME.

"Young man," said Master Church, "how long hast thou known this damsel?"

"I only met her this very instant," said Hazelton, quickly. "She is the daughter of Queen Weetamora."

"I know it," said the settler, gravely; "and I know, too, that her mother would be ill-pleased to see her consorting with one of thine ungodly race, Charles; albeit that worthy Master Roger Williams hath insured us all liberty of conscience within the colony of Rhode Island; yet can I not forget the days of the old malignants under the bloody-minded Prince Rupert. The Queen Weetamora hath no great love for them neither, let me tell thee. Well do I remember when—"

"Peace!" suddenly interrupted the disdainful voice of White Doe; "my mother says naught to me, Master Church. I do as I will, and you know it."

"Well do I know it," said Master Church, with a grim smile. "As the mother, so the daughter; and Weetamora I remember when she learned to speak English from that soft-voiced young teacher at Plymouth, who turned out a malignant as soon as the Protector was in his grave, and the lawlessly-disposed young—I mean his gracious majesty, King Charles the Second, became our king. But, where to, White Doe? Hast thou shot nothing?"

"Never mind," said the girl, haughtily, throwing her light fasil to her shoulder, and turning away. "'Tis time I was home, Master Church, so I bid you farewell. Master Hazelton, farewell."

The girl bowed with the air of the princess she was, cast a long, piercing look at Hazelton's figure, and abruptly turned away, and plunged into the thicket, disappearing from view in a moment.

Hazelton gazed after her with a stupefied air, till he was recalled to himself by the voice of Master Church.

"What ho, friend Charles!" said the Puritan, with his grim smile; "truly yonder damsel seemeth to have bewitched thee, and taken away the senses that thou wilt need for to-night's ride. What dost thou think upon so earnestly?"

Hazelton started, and turned eagerly to Master Church. The two Indian guides or guards had halted a little way off, and leaned on their guns talking to each other in low tones, so that the white men were undisturbed.

"Tell me, Master Church," said the youth, anxiously; "who is that girl? She is no common Indian. She speaks English as purely as I do. Who is she?"

"Weetamora's daughter," said Master Church, dryly.

"Ay; but her father?" asked Hazelton. "Whom did Weetamora marry?"

"Alexander, whom the Indians call Wamsutta," said Church; "brother to that bloody villain, King Philip, and eldest son of Massassoit."

"And he?" pursued Hazelton; "is it possible that an Indian was father to that lovely creature?"

"Friend Hazelton," said Church, dryly, "thou askest more questions in a minute than many a wise man could answer in a day. The sun is sinking, and we have far to ride to-night. **Let us be moving.**"

"But, Master Church," said the young man, imploringly, "tell me only one thing before we go. Who taught her to speak the English tongue so well?"

"Her mother," said the Puritan. "Massassoit and all his children, and nieces, and nephews were fully instructed in English by good Master Eliot and others. Weetamora was at school in Plymouth for three years after she was a grown woman, before she wed Alexander; and she learned faster than all the rest. I was a boy at school then, and we are old friends. Come, let us go. I must reach Plymouth before morning, to give the news to the Governor."

He shook his rein as he spoke, and trotted forward, cutting short any further attempt at conversation on the subject of White Doe. The two Indian guides, Sassamon and Quichett, (the latter known as George, having nominally become a Chris-

tian,) took up their firelocks on the trail, and started off at a long, swinging trot, which kept the horses at a smart pace for nearly an hour.

They plunged down the descent into the open country, where patches of wood, swamp and thicket were scattered about over rounded knolls, worn bare by the autumn fires of many centuries, and ending toward the setting sun, in the white beach of Nargagansett Bay. The closely-wooded shores of Rhode Island were seen rising on the opposite side of the bay, and far ahead of them, within a quarter of a mile of the shore, stood the low collection of log buildings that marked Master Church's little settlement. The blue smoke could be seen for several miles; the only sign of life on the eastern shore; and two more columns of smoke at different points of Rhode Island, marked the only other houses within sight, Captain Almy's and Major Sanford's.

The village of Newport, small as it was, was on the other side of the island, and out of sight and hearing.

Church made no observation, as he rode along the winding footpath that led to his farm, until they passed a single field of some twenty acres, lying close to the shore of the bay, and opposite to Captain Almy's house on Rhode Island. The ruins of an old stone building (one of those mysterious remains, which have caused so much speculation among New England antiquaries, and sometimes ascribed to the Northmen,) were on a sloping bank above the field, and a curving point of black rock jutted out into the sea to the southward of the field.

"How sweet those pea-blossoms smell," said Hazelton, as the soft evening breeze wafted the odor of the pea-field to their senses, as they rode by.

"Ay," said Master Church, unclosing his iron lips for an instant; "'tis Captain Almy's field; but I fear me that little peas will be gathered there by the Lord's people this year."

And he uttered a short, grim chuckle at his own wit, as he turned his horse to the left around a bend in the path, and rode past the head of a long, narrow bay that separated his house from Almy's pea field.

In a few minutes after, the barking of dogs announced that

they were close to the farm-house, and Church drew bridle before the door of the long, low building of logs that sheltered his family treasures.

Oat came Mistress Church, still young and buxom—a child about two years old still tugging at her skirts—and welcomed her husband and his guides with great cordiality.

"Come in, Benjamin," she said; "come right in. Come, George and Sassamon. I thought you'd never get back. Supper's been waiting ever so long, and there goes the sun down now."

"No can stop, missis," said George, gravely. "Sachem say, take white brudder home, not let bad Injan kill him. Now go back."

"Kill him?" echoed the matron, instinctively catching up her child in her arms, as if to shield him from danger. "Why, what's the matter, George? What is it, Benjamin? It's not possible that there's really going to be trouble, after we have been so kind to all the Indians round here? Why don't you speak, Benjamin?"

"Because there are times when the tongue bewrayeth us," said the Puritan, gravely. "Alice, my wife, we must leave our little home this very evening, thou and I and the little one. The heathen are up, and wil soon be round about our doors, like a destroying flame. George, go back to thy mistress now. Thank her for having sent thee and Sassamon to guard us, and tell her that I leave all my stuff to her care, which I trust will keep it from the hands of Philip's thieving men. Let it be hidden in the woods, if need be, to preserve it. Good-night."

The two Indians shook hands with the Puritan, and turned away, at the same jog trot at which they had come, to rejoin their mistress at Pocasset; and Church and Hazleton dismounted.

The stern-looking Puritan became the tender, considerate husband, the instant the Indians were gone. He comforted his pale, terrified wife, who clung to him, frightened at the terrible news, even while he announced to her his purpose to leave her that very night.

"Alice, my good wife," said Master Church, "bethink thee of the example of Abigail, who saved her husband's life, even

when he was a fool. Take courage, my dear, and remember that little Thomas, our son, must be taken out of danger. The boat lies at the shore, and our men shall take thee and him over to Captain Almy's to-night, where thou wilt be safe till this tyranny be overpast or I be returned from Plymouth, whither I ride to-night, with Master Hazleton."

"What for, Benjamin? What for?" asked his wife, tearfully. "Is this a time to leave thy wife, when the heathen are round about us?"

"My dear," said the Puritan, firmly, "bethink thee that this day I have heard news that will bring the heathen round about the doors of every man in Plymouth colony. Should I not, therefore, be the first to hasten to the Governor, and tell him, so that our brethren may have time to prepare themselves? It is a terrible thing to let men be slain by the hundred, when the hazard of one man's life may save them all."

"Charity begins at home," said Mistress Church, obstinately, with the unconscious selfishness of a good woman, wrapped up in her own family. "I don't see why you should trouble yourself about Plymouth colony. Do they not keep us out of the United colonies, only because good Master Roger Williams allowed us all liberty of conscience? Why should we help them?"

"Alice, my wife," said Church, gravely, "it is written, 'the earth is the Lord's and we are his people.' We must help one another. My farming is like to be broken up, and I must even take up the sword with the strong arm to conquer anew mine heritage in the Lord's country. We waste time. Let us to the boats. At least thou wilt not hesitate to be put in safety to-night. The heathen will not travel on the war path for some days yet, for Philip holds a great dance at Mount Hope, which will keep them all there; so that we may ride safely to-night."

The next half-hour was spent in busy preparations. De-

* Rhode Island was at first excluded from the confederacy of the Colonies in 1643, "on account of her heretical disposition of religion," etc.—(Easton's Narrative.) In King Philip's war, however, Governor Winslow was glad enough to ask her help, and to call on her as a natural friend to ask it. Rhode Island herself was not so far from Philip, being protected by the sea, and patronized of many Indians, whom the Indians roamed at will through Massachusetts, leaving and burning all Church, the Rhode Islander, came to their help, and slew Philip for them.

fore the summer twilight was over, the whole of Church's little household, and those of his farm helpers, were gathered at the white beach, ready to embark in the large, clumsy scows which the settlers found so easy to knock together in these early times, when boat-builders were scarce. They took with them nothing but their clothes and a scanty stock of money such as the colony afforded. All the animals were turned loose, the crops and farm implements were left behind them. Then, when the scows were fairly on their way to Captain Almy's, in safety, the stout-hearted Puritan, a ruined man as far as worldly wealth went, but as full of pluck as ever, turned to Hazelton, who stood beside him, leaning against his horse, and observed :

"Friend Hazelton, we are in the Lord's hands. It seemeth to be his will that I should be engaged in this war to earn my sustenance, inasmuch as the most part of it is now gone. The Lord knoweth I did not anyways desire it; but, since it is come to this, he shall see that I do my duty. Let us mount and ride forth."

He looked carefully to the saddling of the sturdy gray cob, and tightened the girth.

"Come, Honesty," he said, patting the animal's neck affectionately, "keep a good heart, lad, for to night thou hast nigh on fifty miles to ride."

Ten minutes after, he and Hazelton, both armed to the teeth, rode off to the north-east, following the winding Indian paths in the direction of Plymouth.

CHAPTER V.

HEART AGAINST HAND.

When White Doe plunged into the thickets, on parting with Church and Hazelton, the girl did not go far. She halted as soon as out of hearing, and returned on her own track with the silence and caution of her training till she could again catch sight of the two retreating figures. She

stood at the entrance of the forest, gazing after them, till they disappeared between two of the bare swells of ground. Then White Doe sighed, and in the midst of the sigh checked herself.

"What now?" she said, aloud. "Why do I sigh? Did not my mother tell me to hate all men that wore a face like his? And yet I feel somehow as if I did not hate him. What soft eyes he had! So different from rough Master Church. Well, well; 'tis no use my thinking of him. These English despise us, the first lords of the soil. They kill our men and enslave our women, or else fool them with lying promises, as they did my mother. And I? Who am I? Which do I belong to most—my white father or my red mother? Father, indeed! I never saw him. He fled like a caitiff, and left my mother to her shame. Why do I doubt? If I am half an Indian, let me be all of one, even if my heart rebels sometimes at this wild life. Why did my mother ever teach me the tongue and writing of the whites, only to make me unhappy? It ruined her, and what good will it do me?"

She remained leaning on her gun, vacantly watching the sunset, bitter thoughts crossing her young mind, till she saw the light fading away, and the figures of the two Indian runners in the distance, approaching. Then she turned round, and ran up the path to the Indian village, with much of the speed of the animal she derived her name from.

In a very few minutes she arrived in sight of the village, which she found all quiet now, the inhabitants being in their lodges, attending to the evening meal.

White Doe tripped lightly through the village till she reached the large wigwam of white bark, which was the residence of the Squaw Sachem, Weetamora. The flap of the door was thrown back, and Weetamora herself stood by a caldron in the center of the lodge, suspended over a fire of dry sticks. The Squaw Sachem had doffed her war-pan regalia, and was dressed as a simple warrior now, and all alone.

She lifted her head as her daughter entered, and addressed her in the Indian tongue, harshly and irritably.

"So, White Doe! Empty-handed again? If it were only

for thee and Petanunnowet,* we might starve in this wigwam. Where is thy father, girl? Hast seen him?"

White Doe flung down her gun pettishly.

"I have no father," she said, in a vexed tone.

Weetamora frowned at her daughter.

"I know it, girl. Wamsutta is dead. What then? Petanunnowet has taken his place, to feed the mouths in the lodge. What meanest thou? I knew thy real father is dead."

"I do not," said the girl, proudly; "I saw his ghost to-day."

Weetamora started, and confronted her daughter.

"What mean'st thou, girl?" she demanded, seizing White Doe by the shoulders. "Whom saw'st thou?"

The girl pouted, and tried to fling away, but her mother's grip was like iron, and the Squaw Sachem laughed grimly at her efforts.

"I mean that my father was whiter than I am," cried White Doe, angrily, in English; "and that his name was Lord Arthur Arundel."

Weetamora released her, nay, flung her off, no sooner were the words out of the girl's mouth. The Squaw Sachem looked round her in a timid, apprehensive manner, as if she feared some one had overheard her daughter's words.

"Who told you that?" she whispered at last, in English also, and in a low, husky voice.

White Doe laughed—a short, scornful laugh.

"Fear not, mother," she said; "there are none here that understand us if we talk English. No one told me."

"Then what makes you think so?" demanded her mother apparently somewhat reassured.

"What made you teach me English?" retorted the girl. "What made you teach me to read and write, and to hate the pale faces at the same time?"

"They had injured me deeply once," said Weetamora. "I knew that only through their own knowledge could they be fought, and I hoped to raise you up to be their destroyer."

* Petanunnowet, called by the colonists Peter Nunnult, was the second Indian husband of Weetamora. He joined the English when his wife revolted.

Pometacom has done the same; he has learned their tongue and soon he will put it to use against them. You yourself are to be the instrument of vengeance."

"How?" demanded her daughter, incredulously.

"You are to find out the designs of the Plymouth men, and tell them to us," said Weetamora. "Pometacom will lead his forces according to your advice, for you are to be our spy."

"Finely planned," said White Doe, with a curl of the lip. "But suppose I go to my father's side? How then?"

"What do you mean?" asked the Squaw Sachem, angrily. "Your father was Pometacom's brother. This is his side."

"My father was Lord Arthur Arundel," repeated the girl, "and I know it."

"How do you know it?" asked her mother, doubtfully. "You have not told me yet. Answer quickly."

White Doe put her hand in her bosom, backing to the entrance of the lodge as she did so, and pulled out a folded parchment yellow with age, which she waved before her mother's eyes.

No sooner did the latter see it, than she turned and sprang like a tiger into a corner of the lodge, where she eagerly clutched up a large bag, made of dried snake-skins, and fancifully ornamented with strange figures.

She rummaged inside of this bag for several minutes, her eyes glaring with some strange fear, and finally threw down the bag, exclaiming, in a hoarse whisper:

"You have robbed me!"

For a moment mother and daughter stood opposite to each other, strangely like and yet strangely unlike. White Doe was the slight, refined essence of her mother's powerful frame, the high Indian features softened in her face into the beauty of a highbred falcon, the complexion many shades whiter. The mother lowered like a witch about to launch a curse. The daughter stood poised, haughty and self-reliant as the hunting Diana, ready to escape from the wrath of her parent with a bound.

"No, no," she said, in a low voice. "No more blows for me now! I found it when you were asleep; and you know well what it is, and what would become of you, if I were to

show the warriors of Pocasset what their Squaw Sachem once was. I keep it now. 'Tis of more use to me than it can be to you, for it tells me who my father was, and why I should hate him."

Weetamora had listened to her with a mien increasing in anger. When the girl had finished, the mother hissed forth:

"Ay, girl! Why you should *hate* him! I was his pet, his darling. I loved the very ground he trode, and he swore to make me great and rich among the pale-faces over the great water, when his ship should come in with the good news he waited for. The news came; but, where was I then? Left, forgotten, abandoned by him who should have saved me, and you were born as his white sail sunk under the blue sea. Oh! yes. Hate him! Hate him! Hate him and all his perfidious race. They made me weep tears of blood once. Let them beware. The time is coming when they shall pay for every drop in a red torrent. The time is coming! The time is coming!"

"What time is coming, mother?" asked the girl, wonderingly.

"The time of vengeance, the time of death," said Weetamora. "The hatchet is dug up, and the torch will run from one end of the land to the other. And then, woe to the pale faces! Pometacom goes on the war-path in three days."

"Mother," said White Doe, suddenly, "who was that youth that was here to-day? But that I know better, I could have sworn that he was my father. So like to the picture I never saw."

"What youth? Where did you meet him?" demanded Weetamora, abruptly, fixing her eyes searchingly on her daughter's face.

White Doe bore the scrutiny for some minutes, but the blood came rushing up to her cheeks in spite of herself as she answered:

"By the edge of the forest, with Master Church, whom we call the white brother."

"Did you speak to him?" demanded her mother, sternly.

"He spoke first, and I answered," replied White Doe, blushing deeply.

"What did he say?" asked Weetamora, sharply.

"He said—he said—oh! nothing, mother—only he said—I was—"

"Beautiful," said the Squaw Sachem, with a harsh intonation of voice that contradicted the word; "I know it. Liar are they all, from first to last! And yet I saved his life, when the Panther would have cloven his skull."

White Doe sprung forward, close to her mother, with a fierce eagerness that contrasted strongly with her former timidity.

"Who would have cloven his skull?" she demanded, her eyes glowing as fiercely as her mother's. "Let me see the man who dares to lay a finger on him, and I'll shoot him myself."

Weetamora looked sorrowfully down at the slender girl before her. The sight of the child's anger seemed to disarm the mother's, for she shook her head, and sighed.

"Ay, ay," she said; "'tis the way we all are. I thought so when I saw you first. No two men were ever so much alike. There was a purpose in it. And I, fool that I was, forgot all about the old love, when I saw the young face, so like *his*, risen from the grave to confront me. For his sake I sent back Pometacon's messengers, and rejected their alliance. For his sake I would even have kept peace with the whites. But, he has dug his own grave. The hour in which he spoke words of flattery to you, sealed his fate. One of the false fair race was the ruin of Weetamora. The next shall be kept harmless by the tomahawk of the Wampanoag."

"And I say he shall *not* die!" said White Doe, fearlessly. "Because one like him was bad, 'tis no reason he should be slain. I say he shall not die."

"Girl," said the Squaw Sachem, harshly. "One of you two *must* die. If not he, 'twill be you, of a broken heart."

"Be it so," said the maiden, quietly. "I shall die first. Now I die all day of weariness. Why did you ever touch me, only to make me wretched? Now undo your own work. I am no Indian, and I love *him*."

"Love whom, fool?" asked Weetamora. "You know not what love is, that you talk of it so glibly, and you know not who he is."

"I do," said White Doe, angrily. "His name is Charles Hazelton."

"Whatever it be, he will not bear it long," said Weetamora, grimly. "Silence, girl! I have heard enough. Act your pleasure. My promise is kept to the white brother, for here comes Sassamon back from guarding him. They bear my message hence to Ponetacom, to tell him that I join the league."

She turned away to meet the two Indian runners, with an air of decision that imposed silence on White Doe.

"Very well," muttered the girl to herself; "yours be it to plot. 'Twill be mine to counterplot. He shall not die, for I will save him."

CHAPTER VI.

THE NIGHT RIDE AND THE APPARITION.

ABOUT an hour after dark, Master Church and Hazelton rode at a brisk trot on their way to Plymouth. They had emerged from the maze of winding forest-paths, where the settler's knowledge of the country had been put to a severe test to avoid losing their way, and struck the broad dirt-road that led to the north, by way of Taunton and Bridgewater to the sea-coast and the old village of Plymouth.

Church had been perfectly silent while in the forest, his hand always hovering near the huge horse-pistols at the saddle-bow, his eye keenly roving from side to side, expecting an enemy at every turn of the path.

When they reached the Taunton road he uttered a deep sigh of relief, as he observed:

"The Lord be thanked, Charles Hazelton, for all his merits. We are safe from the knaves so far, and we shall get through safe, in the mercy of God."

Hazelton, following his companion's example, pulled up his horse to a walk, and they pursued their way for about a mile further to the north.

"Now are we opposite Weetamora's camp," said Church, in a low voice, pointing due west as he spoke. "I feared that

some of her knaves might be out scouting, and lead us off here, but now are we safe— No! Halt!"

With the last words he pulled up his horse on its haunches and plucked the right pistol from his holster like a flash, looking out over the animal's head. Hazelton, without knowing why, followed his example, and looked out for the cause of the alarm.

A rustling in the bushes became audible, and the next moment the figure of an Indian, apparently dressed in white, sprang forth into the green road, within twenty feet of their horses.

The Indian could be plainly seen, even in the faint starlight, on account of the light color of his dress, but save for the first rustle in the bushes, his motions were perfectly noiseless.

Indeed, to Hazelton, romantic and somewhat superstitious, as in the fashion of his day, it seemed as if the new-comer was but a white apparition void of reality.

The three stood for a full moment regarding each other in dead silence, the white figure never stirring, standing erect before them, with one hand raised as if to warn them back.

Master Church was the first to speak, which he did in low, cautious tones, as if afraid to trust his voice farther:

"Who goes there?"

"A friend," came back the answer, in a low, sweet voice. Charles Hazelton started. The voice seemed to come as an answer to his thoughts.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" he ejaculated, in imitation of Shakespeare; "'tis White Doe?"

"Friend Hazelton," said the Puritan, sternly, "we have liberty of conscience in Rhode Island, 'tis true, but if thou hast any more of this ungodly swearing after the fashion of the Scarlet Woman, thou and I part company here; for we are in Massachusetts Colony now, and the laws are strict on swearing."

Hazelton paid but little attention to the rebuke. He was too intently occupied in watching the white apparition. If the young girl's mind had been filled with him, it is no less true that he had thought also, and incessantly, upon her.

Her beauty, the mystery that surrounded her, and other causes, only known to himself, had combined to give her an interest in his eyes such as he would not have believed possible for an Indian to have inspired, despised as they were by the colonists.

Not waiting for Church to finish his sentence, he spurred eagerly forward to accost the other.

But, swift as a flash, and like the ghost it resembled, the apparition sprang out of the path, flitted across the road, and disappeared in the midst of a thicket as if it had not been.

Hazelton was about to follow, reckless of consequences, when the iron grasp of Master Church was laid on his bridle and the deep voice of the Puritan inquired :

"Art thou so eager to die, young man? Verily I say unto you that we shall have enough ways to die, ere we reach Plymouth, Charles Hazelton. 'Twas some trick of witchcraft, and the Lord hath delivered us from the witch. Let us ride on."

Master Church was superstitious after the Puritan fashion. That is to say, he believed in the devil most devoutly, and also in the full power of the Lord's people to vanquish the Evil One. Hazelton was not so well persuaded. He looked regretfully back at the thicket where the white figure had disappeared, even while his horse was led away by the resistless force of the Herckean settler.

The two men trotted along the road for some distance, till it took a great sweep to the east, when Master Church observed :

"A little farther on, the road forks. One goes by way of Taunton, through Bridgewater to Duxbury, the other by the south side of Assawompsett Pond, which is six miles the nearest. We will take that."

Hazelton nodded, and they trotted on between arching woods, till they came to the forks of the road, when the same rustling as they had heard before, again startled them, and the same white, ghostly figure, in Indian plumes and short tunic of white, flitted swiftly across the road and stood in the middle of the southern track, known as the Assawompsett road, waving them back with warning gestures.

"Now the Lord be merciful to me a sinner," quoth Master Church, grinding his teeth. "It shall not be said that the Lord's servant was stopped by an Indian witch. Have at thee, Satan!"

And he leveled a horse-pistol as long as a carline at the white figure. But, quicker than he could fire, Hazelton, with a cry of horror, struck up the muzzle of the pistol, and the bellowing report echoed through the silent forest in a thousand reverberations, while the bullet went snapping through the tree-tops above.

Master Church uttered something uncommonly like profanity, and turned savagely upon Hazelton, but the latter was equally angry.

"For shame, Master Church!" he cried; "a friend comes to give us a warning of some danger, and you fire at her. By heavens, if you must fight, then draw and defend yourself."

And the fiery cavalier flashed out his long rapier, and wheeled his horse away from Church, as if he meant to fight there and then. Master Church muttered a real oath this time, and drew his own broadsword. In another moment the two friends would have been engaged in deadly conflict, when the report of three guns at a little distance off, *down the As-tor-missett road*, startled both of them; and three hissing bullets came past them close to their ears, clipping the leaves and twigs of the forest behind them.

Hazelton uttered a triumphant cry.

"I told you so."

And he turned to look for the white figure in the road. It was gone again, but he saw a number of dark figures coming full speed up the road toward them, and heard the snapping of sticks that told of more, following in the woods.

Master Church rammed down his broadsword in a hurry.

"No time to lose, Charles," he cried; "Taunt-n's the road!"

And away galloped the two horsemen up the Taunt-n road, as fast as they could go, a few bullets whistling harmlessly by them as they went, till they were at a safe distance.

They never slackened their speed, till they were far out of gunshot, and then the Puritan observed, with the hearty frankness of his nature:

"I was wrong, and thou wast right, friend Charles. 'Twas no witch. The Lord sent one of his angels to warn us of the evil men on the path to intercept us; and I, sinner that I am, fired at her."

Hazelton made no answer. He was still angry with his companion, and convinced in his own mind that it was Willie Doe who had warned them, though why he knew not.

So they rode on briskly for several miles more, till the distant barking of dogs warned them that they approached human habitations.

"We are coming to Parson Cotton's," said Church, as he rode on. "We must alarm the good man, and tell him to send word to Taunton that the heathen are up; for we pass it by near three miles off, and turn to the right round the north of Assawompsett Pond."

Very soon a light gleamed from the woods ahead of them and to the right, and they rode into an open green clearing through which the road ran, greeted by the uproarious barking of a crowd of dogs.

"See that ye bay the heathen as well," quoth Master Church, dily, as he cut at one of the dogs with his heavy whip. "But insooth, friend Charles, an Indian sends them whining to their kennel."

He rode up to the door of a large log house, surrounded with outbuildings, and defended by a close stockade, loop-holed all round the various sheds it inclosed. But the stockade was gone to ruin in many places and bore tokens of complete neglect for many years.

"What ho! within there!" bellowed Master Church, leaning at the gate of the stockade with his heavy whip: "wake up and rise, ye, for the heathen are upon us, and a davying home cometh behind them! What ho-o-o-o-o!"

The sound of hurrying footsteps within, and the moving of lights made it apparent that the inmates of the house were roused.

"See there," said Master Church, in a low voice, pointing to the rain-worn palisade; "thirty years ago, when the Pequots were at hand, before the great war, our people quit themselves like men. But now, they are too lazy to keep in order the forts their fathers built."

A gray-bearded man of starched aspect, with a white cotton night-cap on his head, here came to the door with a candle and inspected the rough Puritan keenly before he spoke.

When he did, it was with a sour and vinegar-like aspect, that reminded the observant Hazelden that he was out of Nantuxet Island, and in the bluest district of Perpetuam.

"Who is this night-brawling ruffian?" demanded he, severely. "Who art thou, ungodly man, that comest to disturb honest men who are at their family devotions, on their knees to the Almighty?"

"There is time for all things, Master Cotton," replied Church, bluntly. "I am a member in good standing myself, as thou knowest, if thou wilt look at me close."

"I know thee well, Benjamin Church," said the minister, severely; "I know thee well for a member in good standing, and that is why thy conduct now is doubly reprehensible. Who is yon long locked malignant, sitting on his horse behind thee, like a man of sin as he is?"

Hazelden could not help a smile at the sour allusion to himself, but Church good-humoredly answered:

"He is a friend, recommended to me by Governor Winslow himself. And we have ridden all the way from Scituate to-night, to tell thee that the heathen are up, under that bloody-minded villain, King Philip of Mount Hope, and that some of them tried to stop us on the southern Assawompscut Road to-night. They may be here at any moment. So bar the doors, and mend thy palisades, Brother Cotton, or 'twill be the worse for thee. In the morning send to Taunton, and rouse them as far as Rehoboth. Myself and my friend are now on the way to tell Governor Winslow at Plymouth. The Lord be with thee."

And wheeling their horses, the two dashed in their spurs, and galloped off into the darkness, leaving the worthy Dr. Cotton at his wit's end with astonishment and confusion.

They could hear the shouts of men, and the barking of dogs behind them, as they galloped around the turn of the road to the east, and caught sight of the gleaming sheet of Assawompscut Pond, the bright stars sleeping in its placid surface, while beside its northern shore swept the straight road to Plymouth.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FOREST GARRISON.

A WEEK had passed since Master Church's bold night-ride to Plymouth, to rouse the Governor of the colony to his danger. The war had begun, and the Indians had marched out of Mount Hope Neck, and burned sixteen houses in Swansey, a little to the north, while their owners were at church.

The whole colony was roused to its danger, and every town, village and settlement turned out its little quota of men, to rendezvous at Taunton Green, about half way between Plymouth and where Providence now stands.

Master Church was in the mustering as a simple volunteer, and was invited, as one who knew the country well, to lead the advance of the "army" to Myles' Garrison, a post close to the mouth of Mount Hope Neck.

When we see Master Church again, it is the morning of the 28th of June, 1675, and the forces are all safely encamped in Myles' Garrison.

To understand the events of the next few days, as they are connected with our story, the reader must have a clear idea of the configuration of the eastern part of the State of Rhode Island, which is split up into numerous small peninsulas by Narragansett Bay and the various streams and creeks flowing into it. On the north, Pockanoket or Mount Hope, the largest of all, King Philip's headquarters, stretches far down into the bay, separated from Rhode Island proper, to the south, by Block Point. Mount Hope bay, the mouth of Taunton river, separates it on the east from the Eastern Shore, which lies between on the north, Swaney on the south, and Master Church's army about half way between them. North of the whole lay a line of settlements in Massachusetts, from Schenck Point to Taunton Green; and Myles' Garrison was at the very beginning of these, and separated from Mount Hope Neck by the waters of Warren river.

Myles' Garrison was full of men that morning. The post

consisted of a square stockaded inclosure, with a block-house at each corner projecting sufficiently to sweep the face of the stockade with a flanking fire. The trees were cut down for some distance all round, to deprive an enemy of any cover, and the gate of the fort opened on a green road, that ran down to Myles' Bridge, on the opposite side of which lay the wooded country of Mount Hope Neck, a raised causeway running through the forest, from the end of the bridge.

There were men of all descriptions of armament in that fort. There was Captain Prentice's troop of horse, the captain himself having once served in Cromwell's Ironsides, and much looked up to on account of his supposed military knowledge. But the captain was nearly sixty now, and like most old soldiers, a martinet in matters of dress.

His men were all accoutered in the old Cromwellian fashion, with steel cap and broad gorget, glittering so as to be seen a mile off. They retained the old fashioned matchlock, because their chief was always telling them "how we fought with those things at Marston Moor, and overthrew Prince Rupert."

Then there was worthy Captain Henckman's company of foot, who carried the improved firelock, objects of Captain Prentice's aversion, who held that a match never missed fire, and mistrusted "these new-fangled inventions, such as we never had at Marston Moor."

Lastly there was Captain Mesley's troop of volunteers, including fifteen pardoned pirates out of the Plymouth jail, armed in any and every fashion, from the matchlock to the pike and halberd.

The horses of Prentice's dragoons were marching lay under a long shed at one side of the "garrison," and the men were lounging about the inclosure, many of them armed. A sentry at the gate, and two more at the bridge head, constituted all the guards out.

Master Church was standing on the flat roof by the scuttle of one of the corner block-houses, talking to Charles Hazleton. The sturdy Puritan looked sour and ill-tempered, as he glanced out at the bridge, where the two soldiers paced to and fro in full sight, with smoking matches. Master Church was a man of vigorous common sense, and a despiser of martineury

"I tell thee, Charles," he said, gloomily, "this is no way to fight these heathen villains. They will not listen to me now. This Captain Prentice is so puffed up with his old notions of Marston Moor, that he thinketh scorn of a simple settler of Rhode Island, who can not say 'I was with Cromwell.' What likeness is there in the cases? Cromwell fought in the open fields, against a foe that was open and fair. Had he been here, he would never have stuck out two men to be shot at from a wood, as if flesh and blood were only made for a target for a skulking Wampanoag's bullet. Why do we not go out, and seek the enemy? I know them well, the cowardly braves. They fear more to lose one warrior than we to lose fifty; and we are like to lose them too before long."

Hazelden made no answer. He was looking in another direction farther up the stream, where the tangled bushes came down to the water's edge.

"What see ye?" demanded Master Church, noticing his companion's abstraction.

"I thought I saw the same figure that warned us once before," replied Hazelden, slowly. "The head crowned with white plumes seemed to rise from yonder bushes— Yes! see there! By heavens! It is White Doe!"

Master Church took no notice of the oath this time. His own keen eye had caught the object the other indicated.

The head, and the body as far as the waist, of the same white figure that had twice warned them in their night ride rose suddenly out of the bushes on the opposite side of the stream, and they saw it plainly. It was indeed White Doe dressed in a robe of snow-white deer skin, and crowned with the white feathers of the bald eagle.

The girl was in full sight from the fort, and waved her hands to the two on the black-house roof, with a warning gesture, as if to tell them to lie down. The moment she had done so, she again disappeared.

Master Church turned round, and deliberately descended the scuttle into the black-house, saying:

"No man shall tell Benjamin Church that he thrice rejected the good counsel of a friend at need. Friend Hazelden, there are more of the heathen about. Let us look from the loop holes below."

Hazelton descended into the upper room of the block-house, and found Church by a loop-hole, that commanded a view of the two sentries.

He had hardly got down when the reports of half a dozen muskets from the woods on the other side of the river was followed by an exclamation from Master Church :

"I knew it! The infernal fool, Prentice, with his cursed Marston Moor tactics! He's done it now!"

Hazelton hurried to another loop-hole, and beheld both the sentries at the head of the bridge, dead on the ground, while a faint blue cloud of smoke was drifting along the face of the bushes on the other side of the creek.

"So much for lying in forts!" quoth Master Church, angrily, as he turned and rushed down the ladder into the inclosure of the fort, followed by Hazelton.

They found the yard full of excited men, rushing for their arms, and all clamoring together, with fifty different counsels, while old Captain Prentice, the senior officer, appeared to be at his wit's end as to what to do.

The volunteers, and especially the practical gentlemen, were swearing terribly, and demanding to be led out against the enemy, although no one offered to be the first to go; and the want of discipline apparent at the beginning of American wars was painfully evident.

Captain Prentice's dragoons were the first to make a move.

Without any orders, a number of them rushed to their horses, and saddled up in a hurry, all talking together.

Church rushed up to Captain Prentice.

"Captain," cried the soldier, angrily, "had ye followed my advice, and *skedaddled* these men, this would not have happened. Now give me only twenty men, and I will undertake to drive these numerous varlets back to their quarters."

"Master Church," replied the martinet, stiffly—for he had recovered his balance by this time, and with it his civility—"the forces in this garrison are those of Massachusetts County, and I have no warrant to put them under command of any gentleman of Rhode Island, however worthy. The man who fought at Marston Moor needs no advice from a gentleman who does not even hold a commission as ensign."

"And will you suffer your men to be slaughtered without vengeance?" asked Hazelton, who stood by.

"Not so, young man," said Prentice, severely; "Quartermaster Gill and Cornet Belcher are even now drawing out a troop to pursue them. Methinks you gentlemen of Rhode Island are too officious. The man who fought at Mearston Moor needs no advice from a long locked gentleman who never drew a sword in anger."

Hazelton smiled.

"Captain Prentice," he said, quietly, "had I the will, I could take the command of every man, by a commission higher than any you ever held. Look here, sir! Do you know what this is?"

And he pulled out from under his doublet a long parchment, which he showed to the captain, just pointing to the scrawling signature that graced the bottom of the sheet.

"You have seen these things before, if you have served, Master Prentice," said the young man, laying an emphasis on the word master, and replacing the parchment. "Now let myself and my friend Church go with this party as volunteers, or you know the consequence."

The sight of the parchment seemed to have a wonderful effect on the obstinate Prentice. He changed his sour tone to one of stiff courtesy, and called to Quartermaster Gill, who was just mounting his horse. The captain and the officer conversed for a few moments, and the latter approached Church and Hazelton.

"Gentlemen," said he, "hearing that you have both some experience in war, and Master Church in the ways of Indians, we earnestly desire the favor of your company in the coming affair."

"I ask no better, sir," said Church, who was itching to be off; "but my horse and furniture were left behind at Daxbury, whither my wife was sent by sea."

"We will provide a horse for you," said the officer politely; "but the main question now is to sally forth a once."

"Amen," said Master Church. "Let us be off in the name of the Lord, and smite the heathen, hip and thigh."

Hazelton said nothing. He had resumed his usual quiet de

meador. He saddled and led out his horse with the rest, undistinguished, save by his long cut and richer dress, from the humblest trooper in the command.

The tumult had now subsided somewhat. Captain Prentice, with rigid formality, had brought all his little army under arms, and had them manning the palisades and block-house, ready to repel any sudden assault. The volunteers had ceased to clamor to go out, now that it seemed likely that considerable danger existed; and the chosen party, only sixteen in number, including the two officers and volunteers, rode slowly out of the gate of the fort toward Myles' Bridge.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST TASTE OF BLOOD.

"KEEP your heads straight to the front, men," said Quartermaster Gill, as they rode in close order down to the bridge. "Advance your muskets upon the right thigh, thus, with a gallant grace, and so shall we frighten the enemy."

And so the little party entered upon the bridge in perfect array, each dragoon holding his smoking match in his bridle-hand, and sitting up on his horse, stiff and solemn.

Master Church and Hazelton rode in the rear of the little column, as they passed the bridge, the former looking angry and scornful as he glanced from time to time at the clattering dragoons.

They were over the bridge and on the causeway, when the dragoon officer turned round and sharply observed:

"Keep your lines straight, men! Make ready to—"

He never finished the sentence.

Bang! bang! bang! went half a dozen muskets from the bushes behind them; and both the dragoon officer, and the leading man of the file, were strack at the same time, and fell dead from their horses.

In an instant all was confusion. The stiff-looking troopers became frightened and demoralized in a moment, and raising

their clumsy muskets, fired a hasty and ineffectual volley into the bushes. The horses reared and plunged, and huddled together in frightened groups. The men shouted out wildly, one to the other; the enemy raised a trunting yell, and could be seen running out from their shelter into the woods beyond, not a dozen in number.

Master Church and Hazelton dashed through the group to the front; and the Paritan, halting, drew a bead on one of the straggling Indians, who fell as he fired.

"Follow me, men!" he roared, slinging his musket and flashing out his long broadsword; "there are but twelve of the knaves. Follow me, I say."

But already one of the dragoons was galloping back over the bridge, as hard as he could tear, shouting:

"Run! run! We are all dead men!"

Fear is contagious; and the rest of the horsemen, so eager to come out, caught the infection, and went galloping back over the bridge, in spite of all that Church and Hazelton could do, leaving three dead bodies and one wounded man on the ground, with a riderless horse running off toward the Indians.

"Come back! come back!" shouted Church, furiously, to the demoralized troopers. "What! will ye leave your officers and wounded comrade to be spoiled by the heathen? Come back, I say! I will find me a dozen old women of Rhode Island, who shall whip your Prentice's Ironsides into battle! Come back, cowards! Is there not one among ye will help us?"

A single dragoon came slowly and hesitatingly back over the bridge to help them: but the others still hung back.

"Charles Hazleton," said Church, grimly, "thou hast seen our men disgraced to-day, but yonder horse shall not fall into the power of the heathen, while I am here. Attend to the wounded, and I will catch him."

And away went Master Church at full speed down the causeway, after the runaway horse, heedless of the lurking Indians in the woods, while Hazelton and the dragoon lifted up the wounded man and placed him on a horse to lead over the bridge.

At this instant the troopers on the opposite side of the bridge raised a warning shout :

"'Ware! 'ware! They are coming again!"

And the dragoon, in great haste, turned and led the loaded horse back, careless whether the wounded man could keep on or not.

Hazelton turned round, and saw Church galloping back with the captured horse, and at the same minute beheld several skulking figures running from tree to tree in the woods down to the old station of ambush.

The young man drew one of the long pistols from his belt, and fired at the cowardly foe, bringing a man down, wounded. But the Indian, picking himself up, ran on again, and Charles Hazelton drew his second pistol.

Church came sweeping down to the bridge at full speed and Hazelton beheld White Doe start out of the woods, as he passed, and level her light fusil at the forest beyond, where the Indians were running down to the bridge, only intent on the garrison.

There was a flash and a report, and one of the skulkers fell, while White Doe again disappeared in the bushes beyond, like the spirit she resembled. Master Church gave a shout, and fired a pistol at the Indians, which was answered by a rattling volley from the latter, as the reckless Parian reached the bridge.

Hazelton heard the bullets whistling harmlessly by, and Master Church gave a shout of triumph and fired his second pistol. But, at the same moment, one of the dragoons on the other side of the river uttered a yell of pain, and drew up his left foot, from which the blood dripped. The crying volley had reached the men it was not meant for, and away went the demoralized troopers back into the fort, leaving the two friends entirely unsupported.

Master Church cursed and swore roundly at them, quite oblivious of the blue laws, and then became repentant at his own wickedness. But there was no time to lose. The Indians in the woods could be seen coming boldly out, yelling all the time, and reloading their clammy muskets for a fresh volley. Even Master Church was compelled to retreat, which he did with Hazelton, in perfect coolness and dignity.

They put the bodies of the slain officers over their horses' backs, and led them slowly over the bridge, back to the fort.

"The Lord have mercy on us!" said Master Church bitterly, as he looked back at the woods. "That such a handful of Indians should thus dare such an army!"

They came safe to the other side, and found the whole army aroused, now that danger was over, and burning for revenge. Even old Prentice was ready for the fray now, and not disposed to undervalue his enemy. The latter could be seen, showing themselves in open bravado before the whole garrison; and Church remarked:

"Had ye turned out when I advised ye, and pushed them at speed, yonder savages would not be taunting ye now, Captain Prentice."

The man of Marston Moor had no answer to make this time. He continued shouting his orders out to the different companies, who were already in ranks, ready to march.

Charles Hazelton seemed suddenly to have become an important personage in his eyes, for the young cavalier was observed to speak to him, as if offering advice, which the obstinate dragoon listened to respectfully. In a very short time the infantry were marching out over the bridge, protected by the fire of a party scattered along the bank, and aiming at the ambush.

"Had they done that before, we had been better off," muttered Master Church, as he rode at the head of the dragoons, coming after the musketeers. "Howbeit, *now* we may do something."

The whole force was soon across the bridge; and, spreading out in a long line through the woods, advanced slowly on each side of the causeway.

Hazelton remained along with Prentice, and the restless Church obtained permission to lead a small party in the advance to skirt the flank where he supposed the Indians had fled.

Very soon the bright red flashes began to issue from the dark woods in front of them, and the bullets came whistling and snapping among the trees. The Puritans replied with spirit, and the advance soon turned into a regular bush fight.

the enemy retreating slowly, and only visible from the **flashes of their muskets.**

Pretty soon Hazelton left the center, and galloped off into the woods on the right wing, where the firing speedily became warm. Prentice, left to himself, advanced cautiously along the road with his horsemen, the firing on either wing gradually drawing ahead of them.

The Puritans were driving the enemy, without leaders other than their own wits; and the capacity of the American soldier to fight "on his own hook" was being exemplified as they advanced; for cautious, methodical Prentice was soon left far in the rear. Presently a great shouting and yelling on the right, ending in a long rattling volley, announced that a charge was being made. The old Ironside straightened up in his saddle at the sound, and his eyes flashed. There is something as contagious in the charging yell as in a panic.

"Forward, men!" he cried. "Advance muskets and charge, in the name of the Lord of Hosts!"

And forward went the heavy lumbering cuirassiers at a trot, matches smoking, and armor jingling, so as to be heard a mile off. The old Ironsides was at their head; and as they went, the firing and yelling increased on the right, the yelling alone on the left.

The dragoons increased their pace to a gallop; and presently about a dozen Indians, running at full speed, poured out of the woods from the right and ahead, and fled wildly across into the woods on the left.

Then the firing on the left began again, and the Indians went running back again, and up the road, while the yelling in the woods on each side increased.

Presently out rushed a man with a flag from the right, followed by a number of others, and a whole volley was poured into them from the left.

The man with the flag fell in the road, and out came Master Church and Hazelton from behind him, waving their arms frantically, while the shouting and confusion became deafening although the fire slackened.

Captain Prentice galloped up, and found the whole line halted, and Ensign Savage, one of the best of their young

officers, shot in the thigh by his own friends from the meeting of the two wings by accident. Church, contrary to his custom, refrained from reproaching the commander on this occasion; but the old soldier felt that if he had kept pace with the rest, the accident would never have happened, as he could have driven the enemy straight up the road, and kept the wings from bending inward.

He ordered a halt at once, satisfied with the afternoon's success, and soon after the army returned to Myles' Garrison, the indefatigable Church with a few of his neighbors keeping the rear guard free from attack. But the enemy did not seem to care to pursue them, and they arrived safely at the fort. Thus ended the first fight in King Philip's war, as narrated by worthy Master Church himself forty years after.

"And if they do not better the next time, friend Hazelton," said the stout warrior, as they rode home, "the Lord have mercy on us all, for the heathen will spoil us like sheep. The man of Marston Moor is no man for the woods of Rhode Island."

Hazelton made no reply. He was thinking what had become of White Doe. The girl had disappeared.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TELL-TALE BULLET.

A GREAT crowd of Indians was assembled in a lonely spot in the woods, surrounded by swamps, and practically inaccessible except by a few secret paths. Fires were blazing, meat was roasting, and the carcasses of cattle and horses lying about, gave token of the origin of the feast in the plunder of the settlers.

The Indians were full of uproarious mirth, contrary to their usual stolid habits. They had plundered Swanzey, and all the outlying settlements as far as Rehoboth, and taken the scalps of several women and children. They had braved the

army at Myles' Garrison, and escaped comparatively uninjured. They were wild with joy at the opening of the campaign.

In the center of the camp, at a fire, separated from all the rest by an open space, were the chiefs of the confederacy. There was the tall form and spare, haggard face of the Squaw Sachem of Pocasset; the Queen of Saconet, with the euphonious name of Awashonx; Conarchet, chief of the Narragansetts; old Annawon, the best of Massassett's chiefs; and, last of all, pacing to and fro almost alone, as if in deep thought, the great Pometacon, King Philip himself.

The king of the Wampanoags was a man of huge size, and of Herculean frame. His face, heavy and coarse-featured, was made imposing by the height and breadth of the forehead, and the piercing light of his keen black eyes. There was a sullen, brooding look on his face, as he walked to and fro, that told of his uneasiness.

Philip was too clear-sighted not to foresee the end of the contest he was engaged in, and was even then planning the evacuation of his old hunting-grounds, which afterward caused the colonies so much trouble. He felt that his tribes were doomed, and was only anxious to take as much vengeance as possible before the fatal day came.

Weetamora sat by the fire, gazing into the embers, and listening to the boastings of the other chiefs without a word. She, too, knew only too well the end of the war that must come at last, but she, too, was doggedly resolved to fight on at any hazard. Like Philip, she had injuries to avenge.

"The white dogs are not worth the powder we spend on them," said old Annawon, scornfully. "The next time the tomahawk shall do the work, and we will drive them into the sea. With only twelve braves, I frightened their best warriors to-day, and drew out the whole army after me. Had the Grand Sachem been there, we had taken every man prisoner, or scalped them."

"Did not my brother lose any of his braves?" demanded Conarchet.

"Two," said the old warrior, sullenly; "one of them was killed by the only warrior the whites have, the mad devil they call Church. Three times I fired at him, and each time I missed him."

"Who shot the other?" suddenly interposed the deep voice of Philip. "One of them came in wounded also. Who did that?"

"The long-haired warrior that came with Church to see the queen of Pecoset," said Annawon, spitefully. "They are both her friends."

Weetamora frowned.

"Let Annawon speak only that he knows," she said, stillly. "The warriors of Weetamora have no friends among the whites."

"But the other dead man—who killed him?" asked Philip, who seemed to be singularly curious on the subject.

"A traitor or a spirit," returned Annawon, in a low tone; "only one of us saw something just after the shot was fired, and swore 'twas a warrior dressed in white; but it disappeared, and we found no trail. The man was shot dead."

"Where is the body?" asked Philip, suddenly. "Did you cut out the bullet?"

"It was left behind when the English army came out," said Annawon, slowly; "but I cut out the bullet."

And he exhibited a small bullet in his hand, much smaller than the usual musket-ball of the time.

Weetamora suddenly rose up and reached out her hand.

"Let me look at it," she said; "I would find who shot it."

Annawon handed it to her, and she looked at it closely. King Philip watched her face, and suddenly asked:

"What do you think, Queen Weetamora?"

"I can not tell," she said, calmly; "look for yourself."

And she handed him the tell-tale bit of lead across the blazing fire, but so carelessly, that it slipped from her fingers even as they touched his, and the bullet dropped into the corner of the burning logs, where it dissolved almost instantaneously.

Philip then uttered an angry grant, and tried to catch it as it fell, but without avail.

"You will never find who fired that shot," said a soft voice, close behind him, with a mocking accent.

The angry sachem turned sharply round, and beheld White

Doe, standing within two paces of him, her light Spanish fusil resting with the butt on the ground, her face scornful and somewhat mischievous.

"How do you know?" demanded the chief, in his deep tone. "*Did you see it fired?*"

"How could I?" asked the girl, with a smile. "Have I not been in camp all day asleep in my mother's wigwam?"

"She has," said the Squaw Sachem, eagerly; "I can show you the bed, only just left."

King Philip turned his glowing eyes from one to the other in silence for several minutes. Then he addressed White Doe.

"Girl," he said, sternly, "the craft of the pale-face is to have two tongues, and you have learned it. The bullet is melted now. Give me one of yours."

The girl, without a moment's hesitation, extracted from her bullet-pouch a large ball, full market size, and handed it to the Grand Sachem.

Pometacon looked at it narrowly, and returned it to her.

"Ram it into the gun," he said, shortly.

"The gun is loaded already," said White Doe, quietly.

"Ram that bullet," answered the sachem, sternly, drawing out the tomahawk from his belt as he spoke. His fierce eyes glowed from under the dark brows, like lightning from a cloud.

White Doe faced the lowering chief with a sorrowful laugh.

"See!" she said; and as she spoke she placed, to all appearance, the same bullet in the muzzle of the piece, and rammed it down.

The Wampanoag was astonished. The bullet he had seen was several sizes too large for the barrel of the piece.

White Doe laughed again.

"You suspect me," she said. "You know my father was not a red-man, and you think I have bet camp to-day to help the whites. Does the Grand Sachem of the Wampanoags think that White Doe is a fool? My mother knows better. You have seen her all day; and she has seen me. Find your enemy among the Mohican warriors of Uncas. I have spoken."

Pometacon was silent for a few moments. Then he approached White Doe, and whispered in her ear:

"*I am you returning.* Shall I speak out?"

For one instant White Doe turned pale. The next she answered in the same tone:

"Speak if you dare! The warriors of Pocasset will never follow Pomatacom to the war-path, if you harm me."

The Sachem nodded his head slowly.

"Had it not been so," he said, "the flames would be your portion, even now. Beware what you do, the next time, or you will not escape. My warriors were not made to be shot by squaws."

Weetamora had not interfered by word or deed while the controversy was going on. The Squaw Sachem of Pocasset was torn by conflicting emotions. Her husband had fled to the English, and she knew well that her daughter had given tidings and warning to the enemy. But White Doe was her own flesh and blood.

Now she approached the Wampanoag chief, determined to shield her daughter at any price.

"Pomatacom forgets that the men of Pocasset are ruled by me," she said, sternly. "He questions the daughter of Weetamora, as if she was a white slave. Let the sachem remember that Weetamora rules her own tribe. Child, retire to the lodge. I will see that White Doe keeps bounds after this."

White Doe bowed her head submissively, and left the neighborhood of the fire, Pomatacom offering no opposition.

The cautious chief of the Wampanoags knew that his conspiracy could only be kept together by good management, and he was not disposed to be too close in his inquiries.

He looked sullen and reserved, however, as he resumed his uneasy pacing to and fro; and Weetamora presently joined him.

"Sachem," said she, "Weetamora has sworn faith to Pomatacom, and she will keep it. She and all her tribe will stand to the death against the Yenchese. But, Pomatacom knows how Petamunowet has fled, and how my daughter has seen the face of the long-haired warrior, and loved him. There will be no peace in our camp till he is killed. Then White Doe will remember her mother's wrongs. Now she only remembers the fair false face of her father. Help me to kill him."

"And will that end the trouble?" growled Pometacoom.

"It will," said Weetamora, firmly. "She hates the whites as much as you do. Only the *one* man does she love."

"It shall be done," said the sachem, grinding his teeth.

"And then, woe betide her and you, if she still prove traitor!"

"I will give her up to death myself," said the mother grimly. "I know what they have done to me, and not my own flesh and blood shall prevent vengeance on the whole tribe of them. I know a plan to entice him into our power."

"What is it?" asked the chief.

"I will write him a letter from her, appointing a meeting," said Weetamora. "Thanks to her father, I can write the tongue of the whites. He will come, and we will capture him."

"He will not come," said Pometacoom.

"He will," said the Squaw Sachem. "I know these white men. They will dare death in any shape before they leave us. After they have got us, then they cut us off. I will make him come."

"How will you get the letter there?" asked the chief.

"I will take it myself," said Weetamora, with a fierce smile. "He shall come, and so shall that *red* devil, Church, and we will set upon them with all our men. Then woe betide both of them!"

"Good!" granted Pometacoom; "the Squaw Sachem has learned the wisdom of the whites to some purpose. Since Sassamon was killed, I have had none to write for me. When will you do it?"

"To-night or to-morrow."

"Let it be to-morrow," said the chief. "Their army has received help to-night, and the scouts report that they are getting ready to move upon us. To-morrow morning they will find nothing here but burnt-out fires. Pometacoom is no fool, to be taken in a trap. He will move out into the country, and strike where they least expect him. I have said!"

Two hours before dawn the warriors of the Indian force stole silently out of Mount Hope. Marched into the country, and when the army at Myles' Garrison marched in, next day, with increased force, not a savage was to be seen in all the country, far and near.

CHAPTER X.

THE DECOY.

"**LIVING** in forts forever, Charles Hazelton, is no way to fight the heathen. They move through the country where they will, and we can only sit still to look at them, while they plunder. We should seek after Philip himself. If he be once killed, the war is over. They think they gained a great victory here, by marching into Mount Hope, but they got it not by their spear, neither by their bow, and so they will find out soon."

Master Church was sitting by the fire in the new fort which the English had built in Mount Hope Neck, to secure the possession of that place. The sturdy Puritan was grumbling, as usual with him at the commencement of the war. Every thing went too slow for him.

Hazelton sat opposite, thoughtfully gazing at the fire. The young cavalier was not thinking of the war. His thoughts were far away.

"Tell me, Master Church," he interrupted, suddenly, "have you not seen aught of that lovely Indian girl, since our fight at Mount Hope Neck?"

Church regarded him solemnly for a moment and shook his head.

"Ah! these cavaliers!" he said, slowly; "they think of nothing, morn and night, but their vain, fleshly desires. Go to, Hazelton. The girl is naught to thee; and it were an ill requital for what she has done for us, if she were to be hurt by thee."

"Master Church," said Hazelton, gravely, "I have given you no warrant to think me a villain, have I? The reason I have for thinking of your girl is one that you little know of. She saved us both from being shot at Assawompsett Pond, and I would see more of her."

"She is nothing to thee," said Church, sourly.

"How do you know?" demanded Hazelton, suddenly.

"Because—I may not tell," said the Puritan, slowly, "to any but one man, and that is not thee."

"How do you know?" again demanded Hazelton, with a curious look at the other.

Master Church rose up, with an irritable expression on his face, and stamped his foot angrily.

"Because," he said, in a low tone, and between his teeth, "the man I mean is a great one in England, and a lord of high degree, and a colonel in the regiment of long-coated gentlemen that they call the Life Guards—heaven save the mark! Because, some day, when I do see that man, I will tell him that he is a villain and a traitor; and that I, Benjamin Church, know it and can prove it to his teeth, the malignant, false traitor."

Master Church looked angry as he spoke. Hazelton rose in his turn, and faced the Puritan.

"Master Church," he said, "perhaps the man is dead."

Church seemed to be struck by the words, and became much quieter.

"It may well be so," he said, gloomily. "Twenty years is a long while for a man to live nowadays, when the corrupt court and all its base influences drag him down. But, what is it to thee? Charles Hazelton, I charge thee in the name of the Lord, speak to me no more on this theme. Thou knowest not what I know."

And the Puritan turned away from the fire, and stalked off into the darkness alone.

Hazelton stood for some time looking into the fire. He seemed to be in deep thought.

"It must be," he murmured, at last; "and yet, how can I prove it? By this time, probably, all papers have been destroyed, if any ever existed. This Church knows something, but he may not be the right one, after all. I must ask him, at the hazard of a quarrel."

He turned away from the fire to follow Church.

The fort in which they were was a strong stockaded inclosure, occupied by Captain Haddock's company of foot, and the gates were as yet unfinished. Through one of the openings left for the purpose, Church was now passing, into the open ground lying between the stockade and the wood,

and thither Hazelton followed. He found the Puritan standing with folded arms by the edge of the ditch, looking at the woods in his front, and buried in thought. Hazelton was about to address him, when something else attracted his attention.

The very same white figure, which he had seen before on so many momentous occasions, suddenly seemed to start from the shelter of the woods beyond, and raise its arms with the same gesture of warning.

Master Church noted it at the same moment, and started violently.

"There is danger afoot again," he muttered; "she never comes but to warn us. Where is Hazelton?"

"Here," replied the cavalier, whom he had not perceived at first.

"See yonder," said Master Church, bitterly, pointing to the silent figure opposite them. "Yonder is one who has good cause to hate the name of Englishmen, and especially of Cavalier; and yet the fool does nothing but help her mother's foes. We must rouse the garrison now, Indians are near us."

"See," interrupted Hazelton, in a low tone, "she seems to beckon to us. I will go forward."

"Not so," said the Puritan; "if thou goest forward, thou wilt run into an ambushment. Stay here."

The white figure advanced several paces and extended both arms, as Church laid his restraining hand on Hazelton's shoulder.

The next moment a small white object shot up into the air, and describing a circle dropped at the feet of the two men.

It was an arrow, with a little white letter fastened to the head. Hazelton shook off Church, and reached down for the letter.

"It is mine," he said. "See! She has gone."

Master Church looked. It was true. The white figure had disappeared in the woods beyond.

"Mayhap that letter is for me," he said, obstinately. "If yonder is White Doe, I have a right to see that the girl is not fooled by thee, even if we are on the war path. Give me the letter."

"We will read it together," said Hazelton, firmly. "So much I grant ye, Master Church. No more. This letter goes not from my hands, till I know if ye have a right to it."

"That is reasonable," said Church; and they returned to the fire in the middle of the fort. The soldiers of Henshman's company were sleeping on their arms all round under the parapets, and several sentries were on duty; but the two comrades were undisturbed by any one, as Master Church threw on a pile of brushwood to make a blaze.

Hazelton examined the letter carefully. It was addressed in a round, school-girl hand:

"To the cavalier with the long hair."

"You see, Master Church," he said, turning to the other; "the letter is for me."

"I see it," said the Puritan, smiling; "the girl is a fool. Read on."

Hazelton smiled at the peremptory tone, but opened the missive. It read as follows, the spelling pretty fair for those days, but by no means that of an educated person:

"SIR:

"I want to speak to you. If you will come over to Captain Almy's pea-field, by Mr. Church his house, I will tell you what you much desire to know. WHITE DOE."

That was all.

Hazelton read the letter over aloud, and then handed it to Master Church for the latter's examination. The Puritan looked at it attentively, and fell into a fit of thought.

Presently Hazelton observed:

"Can she be deceiving me? It looks like it. This may be a trap to draw me into the power of her mother."

"It is," said Church, dryly.

"Well, then, what shall we do?" asked Hazelton.

"We must trap the trappers," said the Puritan.

"How so? Where is the pea-field she mentions?"

"In Punkatess Neck, close to my house," answered Church. "Thou shalt go there, Charles Hazelton, and I will be with thee, too, with a score of men; and it shall go hard but what we capture this little traitress and hold her as a **hostage for her mother.**"

"Why, how now, Master Church?" asked the cavalier; "hast thou turned upon her now? Methought 'twas me thine anger was directed at, but now, for daring to think of her."

"Young man," said Master Church, solemnly, "if I were to let thee go to thy death, and this girl were to slay thee, she would do no more than vengeance on a race that has wronged her. But I am also an Englishman, and owe my duties to the State, and one of them is to end this war by any means I may, and to shield Englishmen from all the harm I may."

"But suppose she means me no harm?" said Hazelton, smiling; "how then, Master Church?"

"Then will I go along to see thou harm'st not *her*," said Master Church, grimly; "alone, thou canst not meet her."

"In short," said Hazelton, laughing, "you have a curiosity to see a lover's meeting, by hook or by crook. Speak plain English, Master Church, and we shall understand each other."

"Young man," said Church, frowningly, "I have no delight in these things, as thou knowest. Is this a time for love-making, when the heathen are abroad, spoiling the heritage of the Lord, with fire and sword? Go to, Charles Hazelton! I go because it is a good opportunity to take hostage from Wootamona, which shall draw the Squaw Sachem from the alliance of Philip. That is all the reason. As for thy love-making, 'tis my notion that thou wilt see but little of that in Captain Almy's penitentiary. Instead of soft damsels to toy with, thou shalt see sturdy warriors in war paint, with hatchet and gun. But say what thou wilt. The earth is the Lord's, and we are his people. Tomorrow, with the Lord's blessing, we will proceed to Round Island, and cross in boats to the pea field in the night. Then we shall see what we shall see."

"I am content," said Hazelton, smiling. "I seek no purpose which is not honest of this girl; and all I ask is speech of her. But our speech hath, Master Church, she must not be detained from going to her friends."

"Why not?" asked Church.

"Because she will have trusted to my honor," said the

young man, firmly; "and a gentleman's word must not be broken."

"Humph!" said Church, with a curious air, compounded of discontent and secret approbation, "there are plenty of men in this colony who will tell thee that a word pledged to an Indian is naught."

"Master Church," said Hazleton, drawing himself up proudly, with an air of dignity he had not hitherto exhibited, "I must remind you that I belong to the army of our sovereign lord, the king, and do not seek the counsel of others on points of honor. Give me the honor of a soldier that White Doe goes free for all your men, or I go not to meet her; and you know now that she will not come only to see you."

Master Church surveyed the other with a smile. He looked around cautiously to see that no one within gunshot was awake, and then whispered:

"Lad, thou'rt right. I will see White Doe safe on the faith of a soldier, and condemn all them who say nay!"

And having eased his soul by the little secret profanity, the stout soldier betook himself to his couch.

CHAPTER XI.

A STRANGE TROTH-FLIGHT.

ABOUT noon, three days after the above events, a party of rascal men were winnowing in single file along the open country between Poasset Swamp and Hazleton's house at Spruce. They were twenty in number, all told; Church and Hazleton being in the advance, followed by eighteen members of Hazleton's troop, armed with bows.

Church had insisted on this. Captain Hazleton wanted to give him matchlock arquebuses, but the soldier utterly refused to take them.

"The light of a single match," he said, very sensibly, "can

be seen by an Indian a mile off, and how shall we ambush them?"

The party kept close to the shore of Narragansett bay, taking advantage of every little piece of cover to shelter themselves from observation, and taking behind the crest of every hill to reconnoiter before they advanced.

But the country seemed to be entirely deserted, from the edge of the woods, as far as Church's house. Not an Indian was to be seen near Pocasset Woods, and they met with no trails for some distance.

When they were within three miles, and in full sight of the deserted house, they struck upon a trail, as of many men, leading off into the interior toward the swamp where the Saconet Indians had their head-quarters.

Master Church expressed the opinion that the trail was a day old, and they moved on for a little distance, till one of the men uttered a cry of alarm, and jumped to one side, as a large rattlesnake scented its note of warning.

The creature was quickly cut to pieces with the men's swords, but as they looked ahead on the path, they saw so many of the reptiles, sunning themselves, that the men hesitated to pursue it.

"There are no Indians here," said one of them. "They must have passed at night when the serpents were asleep. Master Church promised us Indians, but there are none here."

"Ay, ay," grumbled another; "they have all fled the country since we drove them from Mount Hope. This man wants us to be bitten of serpents, that we may die. Let us go another way."

"If ye follow me far," said Church, laughing, "I'll show ye as many Indians as ye want to see. Howbeit, let us march along by the shore, if ye will. There are beacons enough left, and that ye will soon find, or I mistake much. To the right then, and forward in the name of the Lord!"

The men followed willingly enough. They imagined that the Indians were all fled with Philip, and that Church was unduly apprehensive. To the accident of the rattlesnake was the party indebted for a change of path which took them straight toward Church's house.

They still followed the shore, meeting no one, till they had crossed a little rivulet, which Hazekon remembered bounded one side of Punkateese Neck.

On the opposite side they found the plain tracks of two people in moccasins, the foot of one small and delicate as a child's. Charles Hazekon's heart beat rapidly.

"It is White Doe's," he whispered, to Church.

"I see it," said the Paritan, dryly; "but she is not alone, and the other foot is that of a warrior."

"Let it be the devil himself, I follow it," said Hazekon. "Come on, men! When I tell you to halt, you stay behind, while I go on to the pea field."

"Ho! ho!" laughed one of the men; "who's this orders us about? Friend, to judge from those actions, thou must be a king's officer at least." And all laughed heartily.

"So I am," said Hazekon, solemnly; "if ye doubt it, here is your own officer, Master Church. I will show him my commission. Captain Prentiss has sent it."

And he pulled out the same parchment he had shown the captain of dragoons, and showed it to Master Church, pointing to the sprawling signature at the bottom of the paper.

"D'ye know that hand, Church?" he asked, solemnly. "'Tis plain enough to read. 'CANCERS, RAY, Church, Major.' Now, men, let me tell you one thing: we have had enough counsels from the ranks to-day. Keep silence after this, and obey your officers. Master Church will keep the command unless I hear any more of this grumbling. If I do, I will shoot the first man for mutiny."

The men listened in gaping silence to this outbreak from one hitherto so quiet and retiring. Like all raw levies, they were apt to be insubordinate, and needed a lesson. A king's officer was a being so rare in the colonies, that his power seemed to them as if it was something sacred; and they did not dream of disobeying it.

Master Church was equally surprised. He had only known Hazekon as a quiet young man, who had been sent to him by Governor Winslow, to see the country. The latter had showed him a commission which fairly astonished him.

He bowed low to Hazekon, and said, so that the men could hear him:

"Thanks, *my lord*. I await your orders."

"He's a lord!" passed round, from lip to lip, in an awe-struck whisper, as the young man touched his hat slightly, and answered Church:

"Lead on, sir. You know the way better than I; and also the manner of fighting of these savages. Lead on."

Church resumed the command promptly, and led his men on for some distance, following the track of the two feet, till they came to the edge of the great pea-field mentioned before in our tale.

They were within twenty feet of the stone fence, when up jumped two figures, and dashed into the tall, thick peas with a great rustling, disappearing instantly.

"Halt!" cried Hazelton. "Don't follow unless you hear a shot!"

And he leaped the fence and ran forward among the peas, guided by the shaking in front of him as he went.

Hazelton was fleet of foot, and now unincumbered with his usual heavy riding boots. He caught sight of the figures ahead several times, and was sure that one of them was White Doe. Presently they separated, and the cavalier followed the one he took to be the girl. But his game was fleet of foot than himself, and he was about to give up the chase in despair, when the girl suddenly stopped short in the midst of the tall poles and brush, loaded with peas, which completely hid them both, and all the surroundings from them.

He slackened his own pace, and came up, panting for breath, but face to face at last with the object of his longings.

The girl stood haughtily regarding him, looking beautiful and angry, with a fierce light in her eye, that he could not understand. She addressed him at once, grounding her hand firm with the attitude of a queen grounding her scepter.

"What do you here, sir?" she demanded, in English. "Are you so tired of your life that you beard the lion in his den?"

"I hardly know, beautiful White Doe," returned Hazelton, with a certain sadness in his tone; "I could love my life well

if you shared it with me; but it seems that you have ensnared me to take it from me."

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded the girl, fiercely. "Have I warned you twice of danger, at risk to my own life, to be told now that I ensnare you? How came you here?"

"You sent for me," said Hazelton, simply.

"'Tis false," she answered, fiercely. "Is the White Doe allen so low that she must send for a man, and he a white man? Think you an Indian maiden is a wanton, sir?"

Hazelton looked surprised.

"Who wrote this letter, then?" he asked, and he handed her the note he had received a few nights before.

White Doe's face instantly changed. The anger faded out of it, and gave way to a look of deep apprehension. She clutched the letter eagerly, and looked at it with intense scrutiny. Then she turned to Hazelton, and asked, in a low, cautious voice:

"Who gave you this?"

"But for your denial, I should say yourself," said Hazelton. "'Twas the same white figure that appeared to us on the road to Plymouth and at Myl's Garrison, and that was you."

"Ay, ay," she said, somewhat abstractedly, "that was me. But listen. Do you hear nothing?"

Hazelton listened and distinguished a soft rustling among the trailing pea vines, coming toward them.

"You have been deceived," whispered the girl, hurriedly. "My mother wrote that letter to draw you hither. They are all round us; and you are doomed. But she never intended that I might save you. Tell me, man with the fair face, is your heart as false as all your race?"

The abrupt question staggered the young man, who was still more surprised when the girl came up to him, and took him by both shoulders, and earnestly looked into his eyes.

"There was man just like you once," said White Doe in a low tone; "he told fair stories to my mother, and they were all lies. I hate him, for he was my father!"

Hazelton started back.

"Who was your father?" he asked, anxiously.

"A villain!" said White Doe, fiercely. "You are like him in the face. Is your heart pure? *Do you love me?*"

She asked the question without a blush or tremor, in a tone more like, "Are you telling the truth, sir?"

Hazelton answered directly:

"I do."

"Will you swear to be faithful to me in life and death?" pursued White Doe; "will you swear never to abandon me, but to cling to me as your only love, forever and ever?"

"I will," said Hazelton, solemnly, "as God is my judge. I came to this land to seek out another, who had been deeply wronged by my father's brother. Had I found her, ere this I should have been far away with her. But *you* met me, and since that moment I have loved you. White Doe, is it possible that you love me?"

"Hush!" she said, listening to the rustling sounds; "your enemies are coming to seek you, and you may go before God with a lie on your lips, if you deceive me. They are coming, and I alone can save you. Will you bear me to England, and make me your wife, or will you deceive me, as he did my mother? Methinks you had best die, man with the fair, false face, for you are sure to do the same."

"Perhaps I had," said Hazelton, calmly; "you distrust me. Very well. A gentleman never repeats his words. Let your friends come, and kill me if you will."

White Doe eyed him fixedly.

"You talk as if you meant it," she said, slowly, "and I am a fool like my mother, and believe you. Will you wed me truly, if I love you?"

"I will," said Hazelton, promptly.

"What is your name then?" she asked. "Tell me that I may know if you deceive me."

"I am Francis, Lord Arundel, of Arundel Castle," said the other, calmly. "And, I believe I am your cousin, if you be the daughter of Lord Arundel."

At that very moment, the report of a musket was followed by the whizzing of a bullet, which cut the middle of a curl from the cheek of the young cavalier.

CHAPTER XII

THE SWAMP COVER.

HAZELTON started back instinctively and looked around. A great burly Indian was leaping forward from the cover of the pea-vines, from the midst of a blue cloud of smoke, with a clubbed musket.

White Doe's manner changed in a moment. Before, she had been suspicious toward him, looking him at a distance as if she feared him. But, as soon as his life appeared to be in danger, her reserve vanished, and he realized the volcanic nature of an Indian maiden's love. She flung her arms around his neck, and herself imparted the first kiss on his lips, and then her nature and acquired Indian sensibility came to her aid, for, even as she did so, she whispered:

"Down! down! Pretend you are dead!"

Obedying the injunction without understanding it, Hazelton fell to the earth on his face, and White Doe knelt by the body, wringing her hands in grief till the Indian came up.

"You have killed him, Sassamon," she said, bitterly; "and I will be avenged on you."

"The sachem ordered it," replied Sassamon, stopping. "What is that white dog to you? Let me take his scalp."

"You shall not take his scalp, Sassamon," said the girl, rising, and coming close to him. "You shall not take his scalp, for I will not let you. Do you hear?"

"And why not?" demanded the warrior; "will you contradict the Squaw Sachem's orders?"

"Did my mother order you to take his scalp?" asked White Doe; "was it my mother told you?"

"Ay," replied Sassamon; "let me go to do it."

White Doe laid her hand on his arm, standing close in front of him.

"Sassamon," she said, imploringly; "leave him to me. I love him."

"It can not be," said the warrior, angrily; "no one but

the chief's daughter could have stayed Sasamon so long from his duty. Stand aside, child of Weetamora !"

He laid both hands on her shoulders to push her to one side as he spoke. In an instant, like a flash, White Doe had drawn her knife from her girdle, and buried it in his heart, and Sasamon fell dead before her, without a cry.

Then the girl turned round to Hazelton.

"Up! Up!" she whispered; "we must fly now. *I will save you. Follow me.*"

Hazelton jumped up; and White Doe, seizing his hand, led him along, through the thick cover of the peas, carefully avoiding any rustle.

But they had not gone a dozen steps, before they heard the shouts of Church's men alarmed by the shot advancing through the cover beyond them, and presently the scattering shots and the yells of Indians announced that a fight had begun.

"Good!" whispered White Doe, "they will be too busy to notice us, and we shall escape. Let us go this way."

They could still hear the rustling among the dry vines; but it was all tending toward the firing, and Hazelton concluded that the ambush laid for himself would fall on his friends.

"White Doe," he said, halting, "I must go to their help. I can not desert my friends."

"Are you mad?" she retorted; "there are three hundred warriors there, and you would be slain for certain. You must help me now. From the moment I killed Sasamon I am a white woman, and follow my father's race. If they catch me now, 'twill be I that die."

Hazelton hesitated no more. He followed his slender and evilm-footed guide at a rapid pace among the pea-vines, till the dark cover of a piece of forest, on a rising ground, appeared before them.

Just as they entered its shadow, the sharp rattle of a heavy volley of musketry echoed from the field behind them, followed by a dead silence of several seconds.

Instinctively Hazelton turned round. The pea-field lay in full sight below them, sloping down to the sea-shore, and occupying a hollow, surrounded by low swells. The smoke

hung in a long line along the stone fence at the edge of the field, where a thick line of Indians had just risen up and were still firing into the field.

Beyond them, in the field itself, half-hidden among the brush and peevines, was the thinly extended skirmish line of the little band of Puritans, with Master Church a few paces in advance. As they looked, the Puritans appeared to hesitate whether to fight or fly, but the deep voice of Church was heard, shouting :

"Bless God for his mercies, men! Bless God! And don't fire all at once, or the enemy will run on you with their hatchets."

The men appeared to be encouraged, and made a rush forward to the stone fence, when the line of Indians there, at least three times their force, fell back in confusion, the Puritans firing at them as they ran back into the woods over the open ground.

"Well done, Church!" said Hazen for Lord Armand, as he has announced himself to be; "the Life Guards could not have made a better charge. Drive them, my lads!"

But White Doe, laying her hand on his arm, silently pointed to a swell on the other side of the field, on the left and rear of the colonists. A large body of Indians was running down the hill, in perfect silence, to surround and capture the little party.

For a moment Lord Armand thought that the Puritans were lost. The next, keen-eyed Master Church had caught sight of the Indians, and was running along the line, warning the men in low tones. The Puritans rose hastily up, wavered, and seemed about to flee, when Master Church fired a long shot into the Indians on the hill, which his men followed up by a rattling volley.

"Back through the field to the shore!" followed Master Church at the top of his voice, setting a good example himself by starting. In a moment more the whole of the Puritans had vanished in the grass, through which they could be tracked by the waving of the blades on their path to the sea.

The firing ceased entirely, the Indians from both sides dashed into the tall crops in pursuit, and it became a race for the shore, the Puritans having a start of a full field.

"Come," said White Doe, abruptly; "we are safe while they are busy. Let us fly."

They were entirely alone where they were. Not an Indian was in that part of the ground. All were eagerly intent on cutting off the retreat of the Perillans, by the way they had come, and were running through the pines, and to the waterside fence. Lord Arundel regretfully turned away from the scene, leaving the fight in grave doubt, but he felt that White Doe's advice was good if he wished to escape.

The girl plunged into the woods, taking a south-east course to the Sacnet Swamp, as the cavalier judged. She had not uttered a word that was not necessary, and pursued her way at a slow, steady run, which covered a good deal of ground with little effort.

Arundel found himself put to his best efforts to follow this slight-framed natter, and was much troubled with his long rapier, which kept catching in the bushes. White Doe observed it, and said:

"Throw away the sword; 'tis no use here. Your carbine is all you will want."

Arundel obeyed the injunction with some reluctance.

"I hate to throw away a good blade," he said; "'tis a real Toledo rapier, and there are none such here."

"Put it in yonder hollow tree," said White Doe, pointing to a broad-spreading elm tree, the trunk gnarled and knotted, where a deep black cavity could be seen near the roots.

"But how shall we ever find it again?" said Arundel.

"I know every tree in the forest," was the girl's answer.

"We have no time to lose. They will be on our track as soon as the fight is over. Hide it quickly, or we are lost."

Lord Arundel took off the long rapier and placed it in the hollow tree, and the pair resumed their flight. The sound of dropping shots became fainter and fainter as they advanced, the woods became thicker and the underbrush more dense, and the ground sloped downward to the south-east. Presently, from the springy, elastic nature of the soil, it became evident that they were coming to a swamp, and the gleam of water, in little patches, here and there, became visible.

The woods overhead were matted into a dense green canopy, through which the daylight came faint and dim, and the young cavalier involuntarily paused and asked:

"White Doe, know you where we are going?"

The girl turned and eyed him with a strange, reproachful look.

"Ay, Lord Arundel, I know where we are going. I am going to ruin, like my mother, because I am a fool. You are going to safety. Never ask me if I know the path. My father trod it once before me." And she laughed bitterly.

"White Doe," said the young man, "I know you have cause to be bitter on my uncle. He injured you deeply. But, just as he died, he repented his cruelty. He charged me to find you out, to bring you to England, and to repair the wrong he had done to you in your mother. I have come to do it. Can you not trust me when I tell you this?"

The old distrust came over the girl when she heard him speak, and they were alone.

"I can not tell," she said, slowly. "I am dishonoring my mother, dishonoring my tribe, and all for love of your sake."

"White Doe," said Arundel, pleadingly, "dearest White Doe, I love you better than tribe or mother, and I will make you what your mother should have been, had Lord Arundel, my uncle, kept his faith to her. But, the past can not be undone. If I could prove you Lord Arundel's legitimate daughter, God knows I would cheerfully lay down my lordship, and proclaim you everywhere the rightful Lady Arundel, as you shall be by marriage, if we reach England safe. But, you do not understand me. How should you, brought up in an Indian wigwam, and knowing nothing of our laws?"

"Perhaps Lord Arundel, I know more than you would think," replied White Doe, eyes fixed on his. "My mother learned quickly. Love taught her. I may have learned more from her than you think. I know that I am no Indian in heart. I know that if I lost my rights, I should be a lordly on the now, and what you call Lady Arundel. But, what rights have we Indian women? None that a pale face is ever known to heed. Let it pass. We have time. I will save you from death, and then I will go back to my mother's wigwam, and tell my tribe to slay me, for I have loved a

pale face and slain a warrior. Come, let us go. We are near the camp of the Saconets, and we may be seen any moment."

She turned away and plunged into the deepest recesses of the swamp, threading her way among the little islands of soft mud that hung around the roots of the trees. Annabel followed, wondering at the strange character of his companion, who at one moment was all gloomy distrust, the next all love, eager to save him.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PEA-FIELD FIGHT.

WE left Master Church hardly bested in the pea field, within sight of his own house, surrounded by Indians thirsting for his blood. When the Puritans ran back through the field it seemed doubtful if they would reach the shore alive, but, thanks to the thick set peas which detained their adversaries, they got to the low stone fence, which separated the field from the sandy beach, without losing a man, and all threw themselves down behind its cover, panting and exhausted, but safe.

The moment after they had done so, the rushing in the peas, and the yell of the approaching enemy, warned them that they were just in time. A grand rush of fifty or sixty warriors, was made, and drew in blood.

Then Master Church stood up with a loud shout:

"Come to me!" said the leather, lip and thigh!

"The Lord's on our side, men!"

All eyes were turned from Master Church's face. He had just said that he was a man of God, and in his own character. He said that the enemies which afterward made him so celebrated a warrior.

His men were immensely encouraged by his fearless declaration. From that moment they obeyed him promptly. The close and well directed volley they delivered stretched a

dozen men on the ground; and then Master Church drew his cutlass, and dashed at the savages with a loud cheer, followed by his men, who wore swords in the fashion of the times.

The Indians did not await the assault. They fled in confusion. Master Church did not go far after them.

"Bless the Lord, men!" he cried; "and get back to cover as quick as can be. Load up your muskets, for verily we have not done with the villains yet."

The Puritans ran back to the muskets they had dropped, and loaded as fast as they could. The pin-field was to all seeming cleared of foes, and the men began to talk to each other, and congratulated themselves on their success.

For a short time there was a lull in hostilities. The Indians were no more to be heard among the brush and pin-vines. Master Church, however, was not deceived. He knew that they had not done with them yet. He began to look about him and realize his situation.

The field lay in a hollow, surrounded by swells, divided from the strip of sandy beach by a fence of loose stones, the swells ending on each side of the field in steep banks, running down to the beach. A little spring bubbled up close to them on the right, running into the sea in a small rivulet. A point of black, jagged rocks jutted out into the water beyond it on the south.

On the left, or north, was another high bank, crowned with the ruins of an old stone building, and as Church surveyed it, a puff of smoke and the whistle of a bullet warned him that the enemy had got hold of the place already.

The ball knocked the sand all over him, and one of the men returned the shot in haste, striking the ruined wall and raising a little cloud of dust.

"Praise the Lord!" said Church, turning. "Better than any fort, brother Sachem, or we should not be here. Now we are in a hard strait, but remember that the Lord is on our side; and therefore pull down the fence, and make yourselves shelters before more of the villains get there."

The mixture of Scripture language and practical common sense was just what suited the Puritans. They dropped their muskets, jumped up, and began to pull down the loose stones

of the fence, and heap up shelters for themselves on the side of the ruins.

"Work quickly, men!" cried their leader, warningly. "Jump from side to side to disturb the enemy's aim. Trust in the Lord and work as quick as you can."

Bang! bang! went a couple of guns at the same moment from the black rocks to the southward, and one of the men uttered a frightened howl, as a shower of gravel was dashed over him, some of the pieces stinging sharply.

But Master Church's cheerful voice was heard, as the bold leader stood up, all unsheltered, to give his men confidence, crying out:

"Bless the Lord, men! All unhurt yet. They are trying long shots and aim poorly. Praise the Lord! and heap up the stones on both sides of you. There is but little danger."

Bang! bang! bang! went several more guns from the ruin, all aimed at the bold leader, who appeared to carry a charmed life, for none of them hit him, though coming very close.

Like many a brave man, who has had narrow escapes without being actually shot, Master Church was inclined to be unduly reckless. He had an object in it, however. Every shot that missed him served to give his men greater confidence, and to strengthen his own authority over an unuly set of green hands.

He walked swiftly to and fro, exhorting to courage, and directing his men at their work till they had completed their shelters, and then started for the spring, as if in bravado, where he laid off his hat and sword and lay down to take a long draught. All the time the bullets were whistling round him, and it seemed a miracle he was not hit.

But, indeed, it was not so great a miracle. The great clumsy smooth-bore muskets of those days were extremely inaccurate, and the distance to the Indian line was over two hundred yards. Master Church took good care, with all his seeming recklessness, to keep in constant motion from side to side, to disturb the aim of the enemy as much as possible; and when he got to the spring he was sheltered by the little

wall of stones built around it, and enabled to lie down in safety.

The bold Puritan took a long draught, for the day was hot and sultry.

Then he took a wary survey of his surroundings, especially looking seaward. The shores of Rhode Island were in plain sight, not a mile and a half off, and Captain Almy's vessel was surrounded with people coming down to look, attracted by the firing. Several boats were by the shore, and men were clustered around them, but none were putting off to the rescue.

"The slow-witted fools!" grumbled Master Church to himself. "If it depended on them, we might all be killed here, but, the Lord be praised, I will bring my men clear single-handed this day, no thanks to them."

He turned his attention to the thick rocks to the southward. As he peeped over the little wall that surrounded the spring, several Indian heads rose also to take aim. Master Church jumped up, and immediately fell flat on the ground again, thereby escaping a whole volley of bullets from the enemy.

He was up again, with his gun leveled between the stones of the wall, in an instant, and beheld six or seven Indians standing up, peering over to see the result of their shots.

Bang! went Church's musket, with deadly aim, and ever went one of the Indians, while the rest dropped with a yell of dismay.

The stout Puritan hurriedly reloaded, and then rose boldly up, presenting his piece at the few heads that remained. Down went every scaly head but one, and the survivor, and Church turned and ran back over the same to his gun, where he dropped his rifle and turned toward the stone structure, unhurt and laughing.

Now for some time no shot was heard. The Indians crept up again to within the protection and began firing at him, compelling him to put up more shots in return, while the men on either flank were exposed to constant danger from the commanding position of the Indians above on the banks.

Church rose up again to survey the state of affairs, head-

less of the enemy's fire. To his great joy, a boat could be seen, full of men, approaching them from Rhode Island. It hovered about at some distance from the shore, not daring to come closer, for the Indians on the banks continued to fire at them, and the landing was attended with danger.

The afternoon wore on, the sun set, and still the boat was not able to venture in. At last one of the men shouted out, "A sloop! a sloop!" and pointed up the river.

There indeed was a large sloop sweeping down toward them, her great white sails shining in the light of the setting sun, with a fair wind.

"Praise the Lord, men!" shouted the bold leader, leaping up; "succor is coming now, truly; for yonder, I believe, is Captain Golding, whom I know to be a man for business, and will quite certainly fetch us off if he comes."

And, sure enough, down came the sloop, with a swash and a ripple, hugging the shore closely, her crew lying down under the bulwarks, while the bullets from the Indians went rattling over hull and decks.

"Cast an anchor!" bellowed Church, across the water, "and let slip your cable to take us off, for, verily, there is need."

"Ay, ay," came back from the sloop, as she threw up her bows into the wind, and let go her jib balm. Down came the lead sails with a rumble and rattle, and the hoarse-voiced Puritans uttered a loud cheer as the heavy splash in the water told them that their friends were at anchor.

A warm fire was now opened from the friendly sloop, the roar of a little brass gun on the fore-castle adding to the noise. A moment more, and a scow came driving ashore with the rising tide, held by a hawser from the sloop. Two by two, the refugees were drawn aboard, till Church was left alone.

The reckless settler ran back to the well, where he had left his hat and sword, picked them up, and waved them in defiance at the Indians.

A moment more, and he was running to the little scow, closely pursued by the exasperated foe, who fired shot after shot at the boat, as it was hauled aboard.

But the charmed life seemed to protect him still, for not a bullet struck him, and up went anchor and jib at the same moment, the sloop standing off in safety to Rhode Island.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DESPERATE DASH.

SOME weeks after the above events two people stole cautiously out of the woods near Ass-won-poot Poots, a chain of lakes, two of which lay parallel to each other, several miles apart, both long and narrow, while the third lay across their northern ends, connecting them by narrow necks, itself the largest of the three.

The three lakes inclosed a rectangular patch of dense woods and swamps, and it was out of these that the two people came. The one was a white man, his clothes torn and ragged, but evidently once handsome, his hair long and curling, contrary to the custom of the Puritans. The other was a tall, slender girl, in the dress of an Indian warrior. Both were barefooted, their feet torn and bleeding from many scratches. Both were also armed with guns, rusty and neglected, while the worn and haggard look of their faces, and the glances cast behind them, told of an eventful pursuit.

As soon as they came to the broad sheet of water, which barred their further progress, both halted; and the man gloomily observed:

"We are trapped now, dearer. We can not cross this lake. Would that I had died with Charles. You would have been safe then. But now you must die too, White Deer."

The girl turned to him with the first look of affection she had yet shown him, when they were alone.

"Are you sorry that I should die, Lord Arandell?" she asked.

"God knows," answered Arandell. "I would gladly sacrifice myself if it would save you, White Deer."

"It would not," said the girl, quietly: "we must live and die together, you and I. There is no escape from us. If you die, where am I? What am I? An Indian girl, doomed to death by her tribe, or shot at by the first Englishman who meets her. I am between two enemies, till I am in England."

"I know it," said Arandell, despairingly, "but, how shall

we ever get there? If we stay here another hour, the trackers will be on us."

"Not yet," said White Doe, calmly. "We have thrown them out in the swamp, and they will be some time before they reach us. There are canoes hidden in the bushes somewhere along here. Perhaps we can find one."

"Let us hasten," said Arundel, eagerly; "any thing is better than inaction. Come, White Doe. Once over this pond we are safe."

"You are," she replied with emphasis. "My perils then begin."

"White Doe," said the cavalier, solemnly, "before high Heaven I have sworn to make you Lady Arundel, if we reach Plymouth in safety. You shall see that I speak the truth."

"Perhaps," she said, doubtfully. "If you show me that I have wronged you, never man shall be loved as you shall. But, if you deceive me, I have a weapon for revenge you little dream of. Come."

Without another word she started along the shore of the lake, and Arundel followed, wondering at her words.

All through their flight the strange girl had maintained the same singular conduct, at all times gloomy, distrustful and suspicious, when alone with him, but still seeming to be urged on by some secret fatality to save him.

There was but one way to escape. At the north-west corner of the trap in which they were was a small narrow stream which connected Long Pond with Assawomsett. If it was still clear of foes, they would be once more in the open country, only fifteen miles from Plymouth.

They went along at a rapid pace, White Doe examining every thicket on the road, if road it could be called, for traces of hidden canoes. None were found, however, with all their searching; and it became evident that they would have to trust to their chances of escape over the stream.

Very soon they reached it, the pond being only some three miles in length, and then came the point of interest. White Doe drew near Lord Arundel, seized his hand, and drew him into the thickets. Slowly and cautiously they advanced, their eyes riveted on the narrow black stream that separated them from the open country beyond.

They could see the green fields interspersed with patches of cover, here and there, and Arundel caught sight of the distant smoke of Taunton, as he took it to be. He expected every moment to see some troop of cavalry ride out somewhere into the fields, and mistook the glimmer of a distant track for the gleam of a cuirass, several times.

But the country was quite bare of people now. The terrors of King Philip's invaders had scared every one home except the soldiers, and they were all gathered at Miles' Garrison and Rehoboth, full forty miles away.

"God grant the Indians be absent too," muttered Arundel, as he followed White Doe, till they were but a rod from the bank of the stream. Then both stopped and prepared for a rush.

There was not an Indian visible on the banks, but on the farther side there was a thicket at some distance from the water which might easily hold a concealed foe.

"Listen, my lord," said White Doe, anxiously. "If there are any of our enemies yonder, they have not yet seen us. We must leap the stream suddenly, and run as fast as we can, toward yonder opening. If we surprise them we may gain enough start to escape yet. Are you ready?"

"Yes," answered the cavalier; "but, dearest White Doe, remember that we may both be killed this time. Before we start on our race, tell me that you trust and believe me."

White Doe turned and threw both arms around him, kissing him with frantic vehemence for the first time.

"Francis, my lord, my love!" she said; "I trust you. I love you. I adore you. If I fail, leave me and save yourself."

"Not for a kingdom," he answered, pressing her close. "Forward together!—Give me your hand!"

She gave him her hand, and the two levers sprang from their covert together, and were down the bank and over the stream like a flash. Then, with short gasps and without order their feet, away they flew together at running speed.

But, they had not gone fifty feet before their pursuers were realized. A line of yelling Indians in their war paint, with knife and hatchet, straining every nerve to overtake them. But, they had passed the ambush before the enemy saw them and the chase became a stern chase, proverbially long.

It seemed to Arundel as if he never had run at such a pace in all his life. Probably he never had. The scant food and hard marches of his devious flight, chased from swamp to swamp, had lightened him wonderfully, and his bare legs and feet gave him further advantages.

White Dee kept his hand firmly clasped, and flew on beside him.

The Indians behind soon stopped yelling, and took up the chase in sober earnest, feeling safe to run the fugitives down at last by superior endurance.

Not a shot had yet been fired, which surprised Arundel. All at once he glanced back over his shoulder, and the mystery was explained. His pursuers had no firearms.

He pointed out the news to White Dee as he ran, but the girl only shook her head.

"Take us—alive—orders," was all he could catch, as they ran on, till they were out in the open fields about a hundred yards ahead of their pursuers, with zigzag worm fences cutting up the open country all the way ahead of them.

But the fields were still deserted. Not a friend could they see all the way to the Plymouth road, about a mile off.

They came to the first worm fence, climbed it hastily and ran on toward the road faster than ever through a field of short clover. It was while in this field that Arundel looked back and observed that the pursuers had not gained any, but were coming on at the same steady dog-trot as before, while his own heart was thumping against his ribs and he felt ready to drop. Suddenly the idea struck him—why not stop and fight at the next fence?

He said nothing till he got there and found a strong rail structure over which he and his companion climbed hastily, when he let go her hand and threw himself into one of the arches of the fence, leveling his gun at the pursuers.

White Dee did not attempt to leave him. She came back and stood by him without a word, watching the Indians. Just at that moment the latter began to climb the further fence, all coming together, opening cry like a pack of hounds, as they saw the fugitives stop. They did not see the gun.

Arundel waited till they were fairly in the field, when he leveled and fired. The foremost savage threw up his arms

and fell, while the rest all stopped and huddled together in alarm. Indians at the present day are easily daunted in the open field, and here there was no cover except the furthest fence. Still they might have come on, had they not beheld White Doe's long Spanish sword leveled over another part of the fence, threatening the boldest, while Lord Arundel was hard at work charging his musket anew.

They halted there, wavering and undecided, till they saw the second musket pointed again, when they all broke and ran for the fence.

As they topped it together Arundel fired again at the tempting mark, and a second Indian hit the dust, when the cavalier, quietly reloading, observed:

"White reason is good for something, dearest. You shall be Lady Arundel yet. Let us go."

They turned and ran on again toward the road at an easy pace, the Indians waiting till they had reached the furthest fence before they ventured to follow. When they did there were only five of them to be seen.

"Where are the rest, White Doe?" asked Arundel.

"Gone for their guns," she replied, quietly. "See them run down yonder by the pond. They are trying to lead us off."

Arundel looked. Their pursuers with a numerous reinforcement were skirting the north shore of the pond and edging toward the road between them and Plymouth.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GANTLET OF DEATH.

LORD ARUNDEL found his courage first.

"Trust in God, dearest," he said. "He has not brought us this far, to leave us alone. We shall escape. Let us go."

They started off together at a swift pace toward the road, which they reached in safety before the Indians.

Their enemies were still four furlongs from the road, but about the same distance farther on the way to Plymouth.

The two lovers ran along the level way at great speed, while the enemy were compelled to lose time at the fences. By the time they had come to the last field, White Doe and Arundel were almost abreast, and running swiftly.

But, as only a hundred yards separated them, the Indians began to fire, and the bullets went singing along round the ears of the fugitives. They redoubled their speed, and shot past, just as the foremost Indian arrived at the fence by the roadside. The rest were tailed off, like a pack of hounds in a hard chase.

Arundel halted, and sighted the Indian not twenty feet from him, as he climbed the fence.

Bang! went the gun, and over went the savage, while a yell of vengeance proclaimed that no mercy would be shown his slayer.

"Forward!" shouted the cavalier, and away they went over the road, with the enemy hard at their heels. The bullets ceased to fly, but the yells rose louder than ever, as the Indians toiled after. Now the road mounted a steep ascent, and Arundel grasped his companion's hand hard, as they ran up it more slowly.

Once he found time to glance back, and his pursuers, in a long string, were coming after him, the foremost within fifty feet. He realized that their guns must be empty, and almost felt inclined to drop his own, but held on to it still, with the desperate instinct of a soldier.

As he ran, he looked at White Doe. The girl was deadly pale, and seemed to be flagging. He felt that his own strength was failing, and almost had determined to stop, when the summit of the ascent came in view.

And there, over the top, what was that suddenly coming up?

"Saved! Saved! We are saved, White Doe," he panted pointing ahead.

Over the crest of the hill came the steel motion of a trooper! In another moment a whole troop of horsemen, in glittering cuirasses and steel caps, came trotting over the brow of the hill, and pulled up amazedly.

But only for a moment.

Out dashed their leader, a short, sturdy figure, in buff coat and steel morion, with a carbine in his hand.

"Charge the heathen!" shouted the Puritan. "Upon them, men!"

Arundel dropped his gun, turned and clung to White Doe to his heart. The Indians halted but a moment, and then fled in confusion, as the whole troop of horse came down the hill at a thundering gallop, with drawn pistols.

"We are saved, my dearest! We are saved!" said Arundel; and then he felt the girl grow limp and nerveless in his arms, where she hung a dead weight.

"Look up, White Doe! My sweet maiden, look up!" cried Arundel. "Art hurt, my life? Oh! God, are we only saved, for her to die thus?"

Eagerly he searched to see if any wound was there, knocking in the dusty road all about; for the troopers were far away by this time, and the cracking of pistols told that they were hard at work pursuing the Indians.

The fainting-fit was easily explained; for a small stream of blood was trickling from under the right shoulder, and as Arundel tore away the dress from the place, he beheld where a musket-ball had ploughed a deep furrow in the smooth flesh from whence the blood was running quite rapidly.

He tore off his doublet in an instant, wrung out the sleeve of his shirt, and stanching the wound.

As he finished the binding, a folded parchment dropped from the open hunting-shirt of White Doe on the ground, and blew open.

Arundel involuntarily picked it up to restore it to its resting-place, when his eye was caught by a name, the name of Arundel.

He was just about to open it to read, when White Doe moaned and opened her eyes.

The girl found herself lying on the road, with her face exposed, and Arundel kneeling over her looking at the parchment. She uttered a sort of shriek.

"Give me that parchment, Lord Arundel," she cried, half-starting up, weak as she was and scarcely able to move from him.

"Ah! traitor!" she gasped, turning to the good-natured noble. "You show your nature already. You would be false too, and steal my birthright from me."

"Gracious Heavens, girl!" exclaimed Arundel, angry to

his turn, "you were wounded, and I tore up my garments to bind the wound. Did you not know it?"

"I knew I was wounded," said White Doe, scornfully; "I got the wound in trying to shield you with my body. But what were you doing with my parchment?"

"It fell from your bosom," said Arundel, confusedly; "I picked it up to put it back, and my own name caught my eye."

"Not *your* name, sir," she answered, scornfully; "that of even a greater villain, your uncle. But here come your friends. You have no further need of me. I will leave you."

"By heavens, White Doe, you shall not," cried Arundel, passionately. "Do you think I will let you go, wounded, into the midst of men thirsting for your blood, when you have but just saved my life? I will not let you go."

"You can not help it," she answered; "not unless I am a prisoner."

"Call it what you like," he said, doggedly; "I will not let you go till you are cured, and then I go with you."

Further conversation was interrupted by the clattering and clanking of the dragons, as they rode up; and the deep voice of the leader cried out:

"Praise the Lord, neighbor! We have smitten the heathen hip and thigh. Who are ye both, anyway?"

Arundel looked up in astonishment.

"Master Church!" he exclaimed; "how came you here? I thought you and yours all dead!"

"Oh, Master Church, please you, my lord," said the stout Parrino, recognizing him with equal astonishment. "I have the command of Captain Prentice's troop now, under the orders of worshipful Governor Winslow, and I came here by sea only yesterday. But little did I ever think to see your lordship alive again, when the heathen snatched you from amongst us. And White Doe too—my comely—"

He stopped abruptly at the words, as White Doe made him a rapid sign. There was evidently an understanding between them.

"We cannot tarry here, Master Church," said the girl. "Take his lordship into Plymouth now that he is safe, and I will go back to the forest."

"But thou art wounded, girl," said Church, kindly. "At

least, come with us to Plymouth to be healed. Madam Winslow will nurse thee as her own daughter, when she knows what service thou hast rendered Lord Arundel."

"I can heal myself," said White Doe. "The wound is not deep. 'Tis but a scratch, after all."

"But your old friends have become your enemies," urged Arundel. "They will shoot you whenever they find you."

"Better so, perhaps," said the girl, sadly. "Our race is doomed to fade, while yours flourishes. Let me go back to my people."

Captain Church had been sitting on his horse, regarding the contest of wills between the two lovers, with his usual grim smile. Now he interposed, saying to White Doe:

"Girl, thou knowest me, at all events. I am here on duty, under orders from the Governor. My orders are to sweep the country, slay all Indians in arms and bring in all the prisoners I can. Thou art the first. Sergeant Phipps, take this girl up behind thee on thy horse, and see that she escapes not. She is thy prisoner."

The dragoon addressed, a tall, raw-boned man, with a stern countenance and a gray beard, threw his lance to his back and rode up to White Doe.

"Give me thy hand, girl," he said, gruffly. "Step on my stirrup, thus, and spring up."

White Doe made no resistance. Arundel had expected it, but he was surprised to see her obey the sergeant's injunctions with perfect docility, and mount up behind him.

Captain Church turned to Arundel.

"My lord," he said, "I can not offer you a horse, for my men all own theirs. But, if you will mount behind me, we will return to Plymouth. We have searched as far as we need to-day, and the Governor will be glad to see you."

Lord Arundel's only reply was to take a short run, and leap up behind the captain on the latter's sturdy gray charger.

The new captain gave the word of command, and the little troop of dragoons marched forward on the road to Plymouth. On the way, Church imparted to Arundel the result of the fight in the pea field, and how he had been commissioned by the colony, as a captain, for his services that day.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GIRL WARRIOR.

WE must pass over a full year of ambushes, fights, victories, and defeats, all well known in the history of Philip's war, to return at last to Rhode Island, in the summer of the year 1676. The colonists had prospered in the main, despite many crushing reverses; and little Rhode Island itself had not suffered from any incursions.

At the door of a comfortable log house exactly opposite to the site of Church's deserted homestead over the river, sat comely Mistress Church, with a baby in her arms, and little Thomas, her eldest son, seated on a stool beside her.

"Where's father now, mother?" asked Tommy. "He hasn't been home, eh! ever so long, not since we used to live at Duxbury."

"I know not, my son. Governor Winslow sent for him to Plymouth to organize an expedition after Philip, and he has gone there, I doubt not."

"I wish I was a man!" quoth Tommy, reflectively; "I'd like to be one of father's soldiers then. Wouldn't I kill the Indians?" And the child clenched his little fists valiantly.

The mother patted his head, and fell into a fit of musing, from which she was interrupted by a shout from Tommy, who had jumped up and was dancing about.

"Soldiers, mother! soldiers!" cried he; "all on horseback too, and coming here."

Mrs. Church rose up and looked in the direction indicated. Five or six horsemen, in buff coats and steel caps, were coming from the direction of Captain Almy's house, at a gallop.

"It's father! It's father! I know it's father!" exclaimed Tommy.

"Hush! child, hush!" said his mother; "it's only Major Sanford coming to see his brother. Run in Tommy and tell Mistress Sanford her brother, the major, is coming from Bristol Ferry."

The child ran in as directed, and Mistress Church watched

the approaching horsemen with no particular curiosity till they were hidden from sight in a little hollow, the exit from which brought them up to the gate quite abruptly. In a few moments more up they dashed, with a dash and a clatter, and a well known figure leaped from the horse in front, and rushed to her crying.

"Alice, my wife! 'Tis I!"

The good dame was so astonished and shocked with the sudden sight of one she thought far away that she only could falter out: "Benjamin!" and would have fallen but for her husband's supporting arms.

"Why, Alice! why, child! why, wife!" exclaimed the stout soldier, supporting her tenderly; "what now? Art sorry to see me? Cheer up, wife! Cheer up! We are close to thee now; and the notorious villain Philip will soon be caught. Where is Thomas? Where is my boy?"

He placed his half-fainting wife in a chair, and kissed the baby affectionately, shouting out for Thomas loudly.

Out came the boy, knowing the voice, and jumped into his father's arms; and out came Master Sanford and his wife to welcome the returned soldier and his companions, who had dismounted and were standing by, welcoming the family meeting with pleased faces.

Now came explanations and greetings thick and fast, good Mistress Church relieving her spirits by a good cry, while the farmer and his wife pressed hand and heart and heart on the hungry soldier, who were by no means full to partake.

"Why, is not that Master Hackett?" suddenly asked Mistress Church, pointing to one of her husband's companions, who wore a richly broiled buff coat.

"Nay, my love," said the captain, in a confidential whisper, "you'er is a great deal from over the sea, who has come hither to see service with us as a soldier and scout. He does not wear his name upon his coat, but every one in the country knows him, for all that. Through the good of some good friends of mine. You'er had well know him to the bottom."

"A handsome fellow," whispered Mistress Church approvingly, "he is too handsome for a boy, I suppose."

"So the men think," said the captain, dryly. "Howbeit, he has fought, ere this, like a very Hercules. 'Twas he led

the pursuit, when we chased Philip from Taunton through Rehoboth Swamp, and had nearly taken him."

"How dark he is!" said Mistress Church.

"His mother belongs to the Wampanoags of Pocasset," answered the captain. "Philip compelled them to join him last year, and the Indians' mother was killed in battle. He has sworn vengeance on Philip, as the cause of the war."

They were interrupted by the lad in question, who had stood apart from the rest in abstracted silence. He called out:

"Tidings, captain! Messengers come!"

Every one started up to look. Down the road they had come themselves, two horsemen were riding at the very best pace they could command.

"'Tis Major Sanford," cried the captain; "the other is Captain Golling, who saved us at the pea-field. Now we shall hear news."

The two furious riders disappeared in the hollow, came dashing up over the swell, and halted, all in a foam, at the gate.

"Church! Church! What will you give to hear news of Philip?" cried the foremost, a richly-dressed officer.

"That is what I want, major," answered Church, briskly.

"We have ridden hard to overtake you," said the major. "Soon after you left Bristol ferry, an Indian came down to Seal Point on the opposite side of the creek, and shouted to your men to fetch him over. We sent over the boat and brought him in. He told us that Philip is in Mount Hope, hidden away in the swamp; that he himself had fled from him because Philip had murdered his brother, for proposing to him to surrender; and that he had fled for fear of meeting with the same fate as his brother. Now what say you to my news?"

"Good?" said Church, eagerly; "by to-morrow morning I hope to have the rascal's head!"

Then he turned and bawled his wife and baby close.

"Alas!" he said, sadly, "the major is content with a short visit to-day. Good-by, Thomas, good-bye. To horse, man!"

There was not another word of leave-taking. The captain was in his saddle the first of all his command, and away the whole party went, at full speed, on the road to Bristol ferry, where Church had left all his company.

Arundel and his companion, whom the reader has doubtless recognized, were among the last of the riders. As they went along, the cavalier remarked:

"The end approaches, Dora."

The disguised boy nodded his head with a forced smile.

"Since *her* death I am all English," she said, "till *he* has expiated her blood by his own."

"And then, Dora," said Arundel, in a low voice, "then, surely, you will give up this masculine dress, and come to England with me—will you not?"

"If you wish it," she answered; "but I must avenge my mother's death first. Had it been your men who slew her, I should not be here now; but I know Pocanock's wily nature. He showed himself that her tribe might follow him, as the next heir to the sachemdom, when I am the true sachem of Pocasset."

"How know you this?" asked Arundel.

"My mother told me," she answered.

"Your mother, Dora? She is dead, you say yourself."

"Nevertheless she told me," answered the girl, solemnly. "Only last night she came to me again, and warned me in a dream, that mine was the land that was to slay Philip and avenge her death. When he is dead you shall know all. She told me to tell you, and trust to you."

"Tell all. What mean you, Dora?" asked he, wonderingly; "are there more mysteries yet?"

"You shall see," she answered. "In the mean time, yonder is the army. I am an Indian henceforth, till Philip is dead."

As she spoke they came in sight of the livid fires of Church's company, camped close to the shores of Bristol ferry.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HUNTED ALLIES.

THE first faint streaks of early dawn were just beginning to show in the eastern horizon, when a tall Indian of powerful frame rose slowly to his feet from beside the dull embers of a fire in the woods.

Around the fire lay recumbent about twenty of his comrades still buried in slumber, and a silent figure, muffled in a blanket, was seated by the fire, the head resting on the arms, the knees drawn up to the chin, in an attitude of despondency.

"Weetamora," said the deep voice of Pometacon himself, "why do you brood?"

The Squaw Sachem raised her head slowly.

"You ask me why I brood," she said. "Where are my people, whom you drew into this war? You knew it was hopeless. So did I. Why did you force me into it?"

"You came willingly," growled Pometacon. "You told me to slay a certain Englishman who was enticing away your daughter."

"You did not do it, though," she retorted; "you let him escape for want of courage, just as you let the mad devil Church escape, when you had him in the pea-field. My men are all slain. My tribe is gone. My daughter is fled with the man, or allowed to escape; and I am left alone, and you ask me why I brood! Go! Pometacon is no warrior, or he would have had vengeance, ere this."

"I ~~have~~ had vengeance," the sachem answered, with a grim smile; "two thousand white scalps have been taken in this war."

"How many of them were warriors?" demanded Weetamora in a tone of scorn. "You trade the scalps of your own warriors for their women and children, and call the bargain good. At this rate you will soon have none to trade. When the war began you had four thousand warriors able to shoot and bear the tomahawk. Now look at what are left! And you must needs kill more with your own hand, to weaken yourself still more. Pometacon acts like a fool."

The Grand Sachem frowned heavily.

"I saw Wam-shet because he dared to talk of surrender to the whites," he said, angrily; "I will slay any one who talks of it to me, ay, even you if you are not careful."

"You have slain one for me, already," said Weetamora. "The head of a woman is stuck up on a pole at Rehoboth Swamp now, and the whites call it Weetamora's head, slain by Philip for talking of surrender."

"It was Neeta," said Pometacom; "she was my own wife, and I slew her because she asked me to make peace. It suited me well to have the whites think it was you. It made them believe I was in earnest. What would you have me do now?"

"Fight! fight! fight!" replied Weetamora, fiercely. "You hide in swamps and allow yourself to be surprised, when you should be all eyes, and forever on the move. Twice has that devil Church caught you unawares. Beware! The third time you may not escape at all."

"Bah!" said Pometacom, scornfully; "who would search for me here? They would never dream of looking for me, right under their eyes. The best place is the best."

"Perhaps," she said, doubtfully, "unless you are betrayed."

"Who will betray me?" asked Pometacom. "Will you?"

And as he asked the question, he laid his hand on the hilt of his scalp-knife.

"Count your warriors," was Weetamora's only reply. "*Where is Wamasket's brother?*"

Pometacom gave a violent start at the words.

"He is here—is he not?" he asked. Then, without waiting for any answer, he strode over the prostrate forms of the sleepers as the faint light of the advancing dawn rendered their faces visible, scanning each one intently.

"He is gone," he said, at last, in a tone of deep apprehension. "He has deserted to the English. When did you find it out? Why did you not tell me?"

He strode out from the fire and looked around him.

The little bivouac was made on a hillock covered with trees, in the midst of a swamp, now much dried up under the summer heats. Around them were the endless arches of the forest, tall columnar oaks and birches, the latter standing like white ghosts in the faint light of the dawn.

All was perfectly silent.

The sachen looked keenly around him through the silence, and suddenly started and threw himself flat on the ground.

Even as he was going down, the flash of a musket came from the dark swamp, followed by a rattling volley; and the bullets went singing over the head of a flock of birds.

In a moment every Indian leaped to his feet, and rounded

into the swamp, Pometacom himself the foremost, followed by a tremendous shouting and splashing in the swamp.

"Forward, men, forward!" roared a rough voice, in English. "Now we have them fairly."

Misled by the faint light, the first volley had been wholly harmless, whistling over the heads of the recumbent Indians, and the English were in too great a hurry to reload, as they pursued.

The only person who had not risen at the volley was the Squaw Sachem, Weetamora. She remained in the same listless, despondent attitude as before, except that her head sunk a little lower, and the rush of Englishmen passed by her almost without noticing her.

One of the last laid his hand on her shoulder and pulled her to one side. With a low groan the poor woman sunk down on the ground, and the man, thinking her dead, turned away to follow the pursuit of the rest.

Weetamora was left all alone.

There she lay, unnoticed and uncared for, a deep, dark stream of blood flowing from under her back where the ball had struck her as she sat by the fire.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BED OF ROSES.

At the south-west corner of Mount Hope Swamp, where Philip was concealed, the trees were sparse and of large size. The swamp itself ended in a green slope, rising to the firm land above; and a sort of path, used by the Indians for centuries, came out of the marsh, between two large trees, about fifty feet apart.

There was much mud and water all around, but it was possible for a person who knew the place to progress rapidly, by leaping from one to the other of the little mounds of grass, that formed the only path.

Here, at early dawn, a silent file of figures trooped along,

skirting the edge of the swamp on the firmest ground. Every now and then one of them broke off from the rest, descended into the swamp, and took his station by some tree, the rest leaving him.

When they got to the place between the two trees, where the path came out, there were only three men left. Two of them took their posts behind the two trees, and the third gave some orders in a low tone.

"To you, my lord," he said, "and to your cousin, I commit this important post. Captain Golding is opposite to you, and when he fires the rascals will probably try to make a break here. I have ordered our men to shoot. Fire on any who come silently through the swamp, and the Lord be with ye both. Farewell."

"Farewell, captain," said Lord Arundel, cordially; "whoever comes this way, renders his account to us."

Captain Church turned away, and retraced his steps along the edge of the swamp, to where the greater part of his force was concealed.

"There is one open space left to our north," said Arundel's companion, in a low voice, as they were left alone. "If they make for that, we are no use here. If Pontiac escapes, I shall never forgive the captain."

"He will not escape," said Arundel. "This is evidently almost the only path out of the swamp, and he is sure to take it. He has always been the first to flee, wherever we have surprised him. See! it grows lighter. We can distinguish the shape of the trees against the sky. A very few moments will decide the matter now. We must be silent, or they may hear us."

He shrunk behind the shelter of his tree as he spoke, and examined his piece. A thin white mist began to make its appearance, rising from the swamp, as the light grew dimmer, and the birch trees stood out like rows of ghosts in the darkness.

Arundel and his companion listened intently, as the gray light gradually became rosy, and the mist rose up overhead.

Suddenly, from the center of the swamp, came a single report, and "Pou-ou-ou-ou!" came a bullet over their heads.

"They've begun!" said Arundel, excitedly.

The words were drowned in the rattle and crash of a volley, multiplied and increased by a thousand hollow echoes in the swamp, among the tall trees.

A whole flight of bullets went snapping and cracking through the leaves and branches overhead, and then began a chorus of shouts and yells from a circle of invisible men, while the sounds of splashing and crashing through the underwood, became plainly audible. Soon the sounds came nearer, mingled with dropping shots, and a few, faint answering yells from the fugitives.

"There they go!" whispered White Doe, excitedly, as a flying figure emerged from the trees a long distance off, and disappeared toward the only gap in the English lines.

"Keep still! Here comes another!" answered Arundel, cocking his musket, and peering intently toward the firing.

The sound of a heavy foot came nearer, in desperate haste, splashing through mud and water, and leaping from tussock to tussock.

"'Tis he!" whispered White Doe, as the figure of a gigantic Indian, almost entirely naked, came in sight, running silently through the swamp straight toward them.

Every now and then he would turn and cast a glance of apprehension behind him, and blunder into a mud hole. When he picked himself up, it was to come forward faster than ever.

It was indeed Pometacon, the Grand Sachem of the Wampanoags, in full flight. He was stripped to the waist, and running lightly, in nothing but leggings and moccasins. His powder-horn and knife had been thrown away, and he only bore his gun.

Lost Arundel and White Doe both rose in their places when Philip was within twenty feet of the former. The cavalier took a steady aim and pulled the trigger.

The faithful weapon flashed in the pan and the Indian bounded past between them, in desperate haste.

"Fire! fire!" shouted Arundel, drawing his sword to follow.

White Doe raised her light Spanish fasil, and sighted the flying figure as it rushed past.

Flash! went the gun, and the bellowing echoes of the re-

port were mingled with the death-cry of Philip, as the great Wampanoag fell forward on his face in the mud and water, with his gun under him, stone dead, shot through the heart.

Arundel rushed forward with White Doe, thinking him only wounded, but the Grand Sachem lay still.

"He is dead, and the war is over," said White Doe, quietly. **"I have avenged my mother."**

And now hurried steps approached; and Captain Church, with a small party, came running up, shouting:

"Have any passed this way? We have driven the swamps clean. Where is Philip? Have ye seen the villain?"

"There he lies," said the grave, low voice of White Doe. **"I slew him, and my mother is avenged."**

Church ran forward and looked at the prostrate body with deep interest. The men crowded up and gathered in a circle around it, gazing in dead silence. The body lay on its face in the foul mire, quite unrecognizable save for the great size and the eagle plumes in the scalp-lock, but the left hand, which lay extended, was sufficient.

"'Tis Philip!" exclaimed one of the men; "see the shattered hand! 'Twas broken five years ago, by the bursting of a pistol."

"Turn him over on his back," said the leader, gravely; "I trust no marks but the face."

Two of the men grasped the heavy body by the belt and turned it over.

As soon as the face came in view, the soldiers uttered a great shout, which was caught up by numbers of others coming running through the swamp. The news spread with marvellous rapidity that Philip was killed, and presently Captain Godding came running up with his party, the first who had fired at the Wampanoags.

"The heathen are dead, Captain Church," he said, "and one woman lies wounded by their fire, who I should swear was Weetamora, the queen of Pocasset, but that her head is set up at Taunton Green."

"Who?" demanded White Doe, springing up to the captain; "who lies wounded?"

"An Indian woman, a sachem by her dress," returned

Golding, somewhat surprised at her excited manner; "but what is that to thee, boy?"

"Church! Church! captain! Arundel!" ejaculated the boy, "come with me quickly! 'Twas no dream the other night! My mother lives! Follow, follow! for there is much to ask and tell."

The girl rushed off through the swamp, and Arundel followed, after a moment's hesitation.

"Bring along the body, men," said Church, hastily; "I must go see this woman. I would not that she should die now. *On her dead depends an empire in England.*"

And he followed as hard as he could go, while the men, in great wonder at his words, came after. The body of the sickener was dragged along through the mire and water with the savage disregard of decency that marked the times, and as Captain Church unromantically observes in his narrative, "A dreadful, greasy, nasty, naked, dirty beast he looked like when he was drawn from the swamp."

But White Doe and Arundel were only intent on reaching Weetamora. They found the poor woman by the fire, lying all alone, with closed eyes.

"Mother! Mother!" cried the girl, frantically, "have I only found you to lose you again?"

The dying woman opened her eyes, and recognized her daughter. She smiled faintly.

"You have obeyed me at last," she murmured; "Pomeoocom is dead."

"I show him myself," said the girl, proudly; "but wherefore did he give out that you were killed, mother?"

"To keep me to the bargain," said Weetamora; "he feared I should follow you. Where is his body?"

"The men are taking it now," said Arundel; "but, Queen Weetamora, I have much to ask you."

"I know it," she said. "Has Church told you any thing?"

"Not a word," said Arundel; "he would not, he said, till he saw you alive. He would not believe you were dead though Dora and I both did."

"You call her Dora," said Weetamora; "how know you that is her name?"

"I have her word for it," said the cavalier; "is not that enough?"

"And who, think ye, is she?" asked Weetamora.

"My cousin by blood, my father's brother's daughter," said Arundel.

By this time Church had arrived, and stood silently by. He now addressed Weetamora.

"Queen Weetamora," he said, "you gave me a charge once, under oath, that I should never reveal what I know, except you gave me leave. I have kept it."

"Yes," she answered, faintly; "I swore to bring up my child as an Indian, since her white father repudiated her, and left us both. Well, Benjamin Church, you see that the father's blood has taken hold on her and she still clings to the whites. White Doe, you have broken your vow to me."

"I have not," said the girl, proudly; "no one has seen the parchments long enough to know what is in them. He looked once, but I snatched them away before he could read the truth, and he knows nought now."

"'Tis well," said the Squaw Sachem; "I have been cheated by both. Now raise me up, for I am about to die. Young man, come hither."

They raised her up, and Arundel approached. Weetamora eyed him fixedly for several moments.

"Ay," she said, "'tis the same face as Arthur's as he looked when he loved me. What is your name, if you be an Arundel?"

"Francis, Lord Arundel," said the cavalier.

"Francis Arundel," said the Indian queen. "What have you done to my daughter?"

"I have treated her as my own sister," said Arundel. "Ask her. Captain Church can tell you the same."

"The youth hath indeed been courteous," said Church. "He seemeth to be honest and good toward the girl."

"What is your wish in regard to her, Francis Arundel?" asked the mother, slowly.

"I wish to marry her, and make her Lady Arundel," said he, "as she would be by right, had her father married you."

"And are you willing to marry her—you, a proud lord of

England—to wed a half-breed Indian girl with a stain on her birth?” asked Weetamora, solemnly.

“I am,” said Arundel. “It is no fault of hers. Her father, dying, left his injunction on me to find her out and wed her, to repair the wrong he had done to you.”

“Did he say he had wronged me?” demanded the dying woman, eagerly. “Did he say that he had deserted his wife and denied the marriage?”

“No,” said Arundel, a little surprised; “but he was too far gone to say much.”

“Ay,” said Weetamora, slowly and bitterly; “and he hated to own that, I suppose. But you are not like him. You fear not the truth. You marry this girl before all these men, still knowing that her birth is stained?”

By this time a ring of silent gazers was formed, listening with great interest to the strange revelations going on. Lord Arundel answered frankly and fully:

“I take all these men, and Captains Clench and Golling to witness, that this lady is my cousin, Dora Arundel, daughter of Arthur, Lord Arundel. I ask for no proof but her word; and if she will wed me, I will make her Lady Arundel. Is that enough?”

“It is,” said Weetamora, a strange light gleaming in her eyes. “There is some good left in your race, which I thought all faithless alike. Daughter, will you marry Francis Arundel?”

“I will,” said White Doe, in a low tone.

“Then let the Indian die in thee, White Doe,” said her mother, with a mournful smile. “Our race is going fast now. This war has struck its death-blow. Be all white and take your true name. Captain Clench, I bid thee speak freely by the laws of England, who art I, and who is this girl?”

“You are the widow of Arthur, Lord Arundel,” said Clench, solemnly. “I witnessed the marriage myself twenty years ago.”

There was a general movement of surprise among the audience. Even the rough soldiers realized the importance of the avowal.

“And who is this?” asked Weetamora, pointing to the White Doe.

"Dora, Lady Arundel, your daughter," said the Puritan; "baptized by Doctor Southworth of Plymouth and my god-child."

"And why have you kept her from her rights all this time?" demanded Arundel, indignantly. "Why did you not tell me who she was, Captain Church? Did you think me a villain?"

"I had reason to," replied Church, gravely: "Lord Arundel, your uncle, denied the marriage and defied the laws. He married an heiress in England, while his true wife was alive. He came here, a poor outcast from England, during the time of the Lord Protector Cromwell. He was able to teach music and drawing in Plymouth, and call himself plain Master Arundel. Wheatamora was educated there, at the then Governor's charge, as the niece of Massassett, who wished her to learn the wisdom of the whites. The young teacher saw her, married her, and behaved well to her. I was but a boy then, but I was old enough to witness the marriage."

"Well, well! What happened next?" demanded Arundel.

"Our gracious sovereign, Charles the Second, was restored," said Church, with a slight tone of sarcasm in his voice. "A lord, which was nothing under Cromwell, became a mighty thing under Charles. My Lord Arundel changed his name, and left for England, making fair excuses for absence. From England he wrote to his wife, wanting her to stay here, dissuading the marriage, but offering her money to stay here."

"And what did you do?" asked Arundel, captain of Wheatamora.

"I wrote to him that I was the daughter of a king," said the dying woman, proudly — "that I scorned his money, and that, be it said, I was an Indian princess, with my tongue. But I lost, for some reason I really have forgot, the proofs of our marriage and the certificate that showed that my daughter, when she married, was a white woman, and my daughter Dora, Lady Arundel. Dora, give me the papers."

The girl took from her bosom the parchment that had excited Arundel's curiosity before. She opened it, and a second smaller one fell out.

"Behold," said the Squaw Sachem, "here is the certificate

of marriage between Weetamora, Squaw Sachem of Pocasset, and Arthur, Lord Arundel. Here is the baptismal certificate of Dora, their daughter. These proofs are here, and there stands Captain Benjamin Church, the witness to both. Dora, Lady Arundel, there stands Francis Arundel, *not* Lord Arundel. Act your pleasure!"

Dora turned from one to the other, and a hesitating, timid look was on her face.

"I was poor and an outcast," she said to Arundel, "and you loved and bore with my bitter moods. Can I ever pay you for your generous love, Francis? These papers take away your title to the earldom of Arundel. You would have made me a countess by marriage. Nay, you promised it before all these people. Keep your promise."

"Alas! I can not," said Arundel, with a smile; "you are one already, for I shall never dispute your title. I am plain Master Arundel now, Dora, and no match for a countess."

"See then!" said the girl, suddenly. "I can be generous as well as you. Now you are Lord Arundel again!"

As she spoke she drew her dagger, and deliberately cut to pieces both parchments, throwing the pieces into the fire that the men had replenished with brush.

The girl then turned to her mother.

"Did I right, mother?" she asked.

The Squaw Sachem nodded her head slowly. She was too faint to speak.

Arundel advanced and took Dora's hand.

"Gentlemen," he said, "bear me witness that this is Lady Arundel, if not by one title, by another. And now, help us to succor the dowager countess."

There is but little more to add to our story now.

Poor Weetamora lived long enough to be moved to the village of Bristol, where she had the satisfaction before she died of seeing her daughter assume the position that had been hers by right, all the time, though she had not chosen to enforce those rights.

The death of King Philip ended the war virtually, for there was but little fighting afterward. Stout Captain Church retired on his laurels and lived to a good old age—became a

magistrate and a colonel, and, forty years after, dictated the memoirs on which this story is founded.

Lord and Lady Arundel went to England, where they lived to become parents of a numerous family, which were finally merged, through the female line, in the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk, the first peers of the English realm at the present day. The dark eyes and hair and a certain aquiline type of feature among their descendants, still remain as traces of their descent from the wronged Weetamora, THE SQUAW SACHEM.

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